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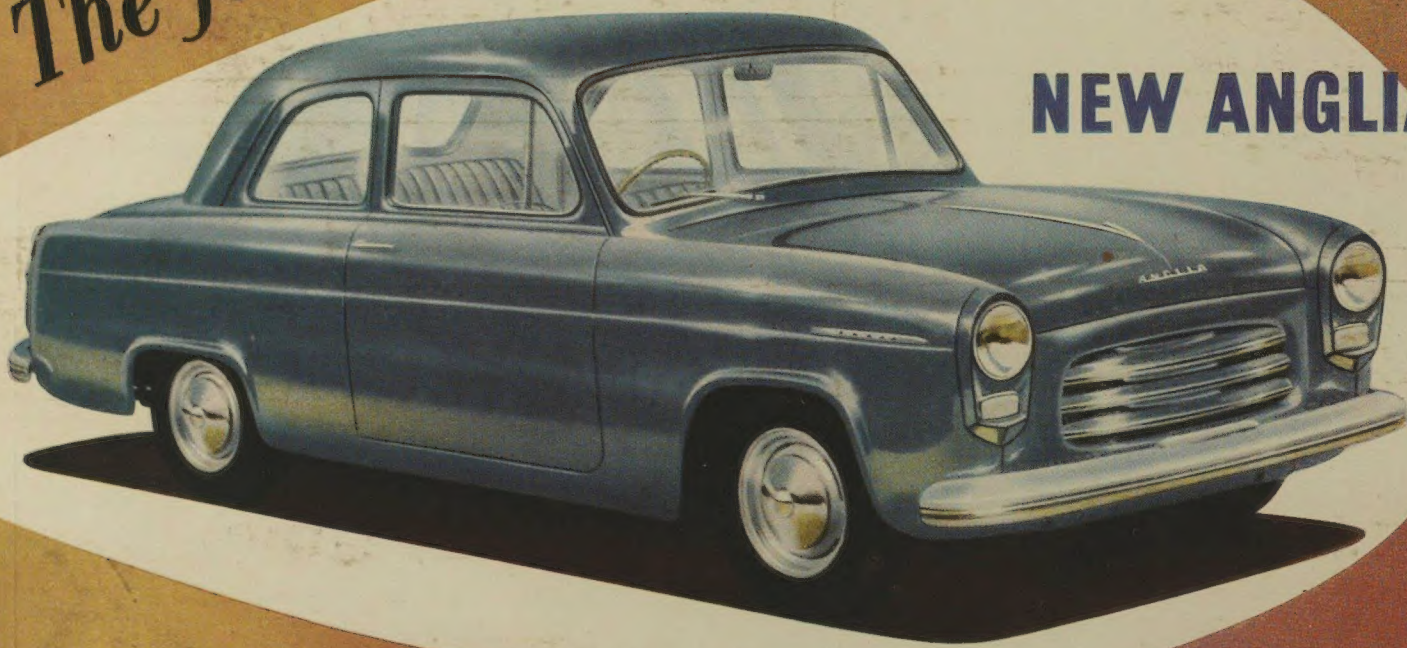
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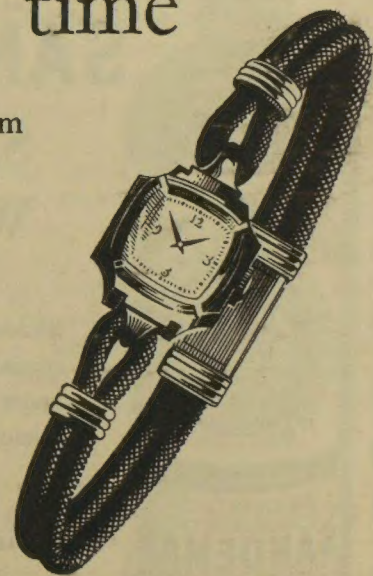
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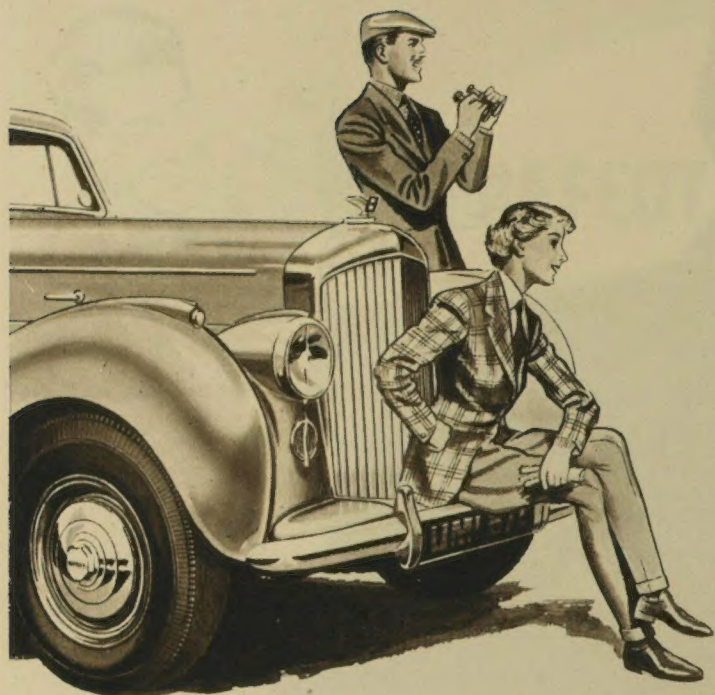
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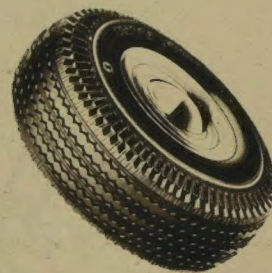
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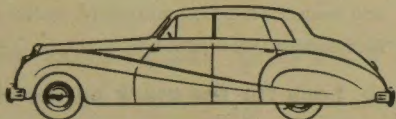
Group companies make many things: houses, agricultural machinery, domestic goods, light and heavy engineering products—no less than 50 industries are serviced by this great commercial enterprise.

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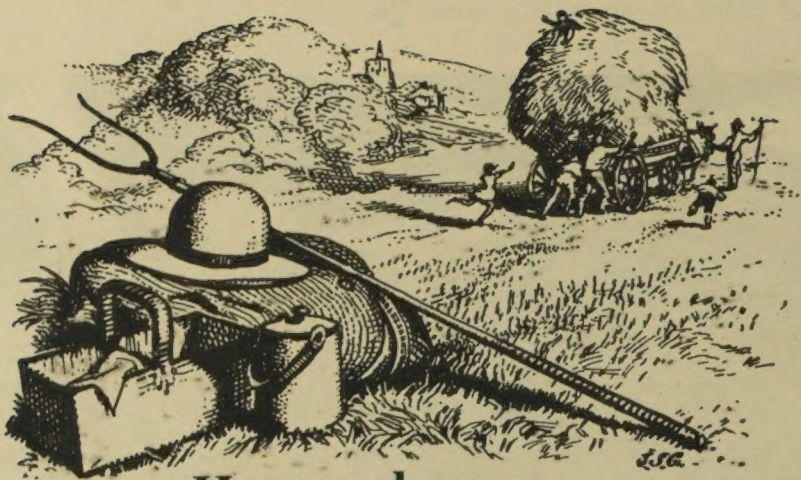


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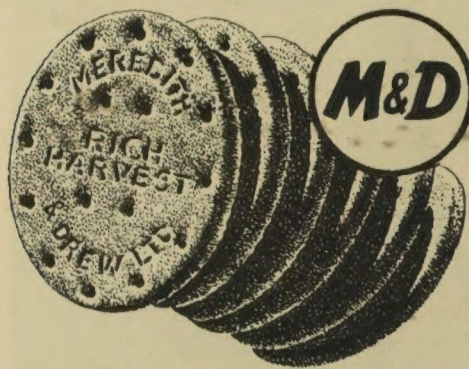
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Rich Harvest

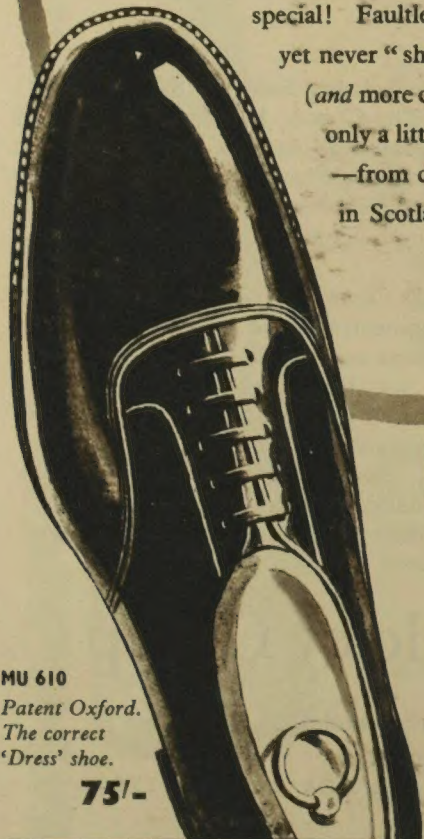
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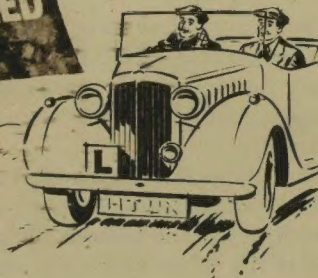
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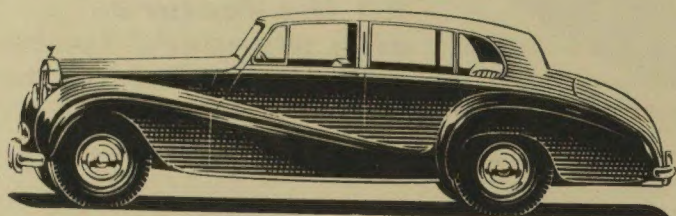
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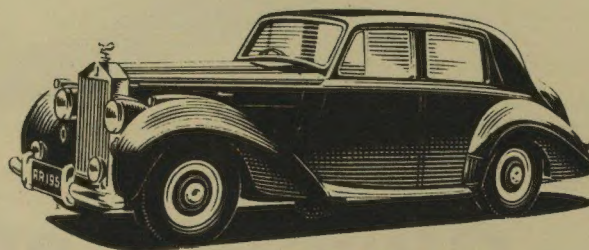
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1953.



THE STARTERS FOR THE WORLD'S LONGEST AND FASTEST AIR RACE—LONDON TO NEW ZEALAND: WON, IN THE SPEED SECTION, BY FLIGHT-LIBUTENANT BURTON IN AN R.A.F. CANBERRA.

This photograph shows the starters at London Airport in this order: (left to right) the five Canberras (three R.A.F., two R.A.A.F.); the R.N.Z.A.F. Hastings; the Dutch entry, K.L.M.'s Douglas DC-6A Liftmaster; and the B.E.A. turbo-prop prototype Viscount. Of the five in the speed section, three finished; Flight-Lieut. Burton's R.A.F. Canberra winning, with Squadron-Leader Raw's R.A.A.F. Canberra second and Flight-Lieut. Furze's R.A.F. Canberra third. In the Transport Section, the K.L.M. Liftmaster won on handicap, but the Viscount, which was second,

was over nine hours faster on gross time. The R.N.Z.A.F. Hastings had to change an engine in Ceylon and so was out of the race. The two Canberras which did not finish came out of the race at the Cocos (Wing Commander Cuming's R.A.A.F. Canberra) and Perth, Western Australia (Wing Commander Hodges' R.A.F. Canberra PR. 7). A number of point-to-point records as well as the London to Christchurch, New Zealand, record have been claimed. Photographs of the winning aircraft, with their times, appear overleaf.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

NOBODY likes being called a warmonger. Nobody likes being called a Fascist hyæna. The rulers of Soviet Russia are so used to speaking of the rulers of the larger Western Parliamentary democracies in these terms that it has become almost impossible for them to speak—or, I suspect, by now, to think—of them in any other, just as for many generations it was almost impossible for an American or an Irishman to speak or think of an Englishman except as an aristocratic High Tory reactionary of the days of George III. Indeed, for some Americans and Irishmen, like the great Senator McCarthy, it still appears to be impossible to view the English save in these antiquated and unflattering terms. Moscow, paradoxically, has exactly the same difficulty about the Americans, as well as about their poor cousins, the English, who nowadays seem—largely as a result of their own well-meaning but rather ineffective meekness—to have become the whipping-boys of the world. The ridiculous thing about the situation, as anyone who gives the matter a minute's objective thought can see, is that neither the Americans nor the British are warmongers at all. If they were, they could have imposed what terms they pleased on Russia after the war, when they alone possessed the overwhelming and irresistible power of the atomic weapon they had together invented and created, and when they possessed almost a monopoly of air power. In 1945 they could have dictated whatever terms they chose to the world, including to their immense but exhausted and only half-industrialised ally, Russia. Instead of which they halted their armies and allowed the U.S.S.R. to seize a commanding position both in Eastern Europe and in Manchuria and China. They also divested themselves at breakneck, and almost lunatic, speed of the vast aerial and military strength they had built up during the war, regardless of the fact that the Russians, with their dictatorial form of government, were able to retain their forces permanently at almost full war-potential. They allowed Russia to achieve a position of dominating strength in the world which would otherwise have been completely outside her reach. They did this because their people wanted peace—and a civilian life—so much that they valued nothing, not even their future security and liberty, compared with its immediate realisation. They undressed and went to bed in an armed and apparently—to judge by the Soviets' leaders' consistent threats and utterances—hostile and threatening world. That a year or two later they had to get up and try hastily, and at appalling expense, to re-don their discarded clothes is not a proof, as the Russians maintain, of their warlike intentions, but of the uncalculating fervour of their former pacific hopes in a world occupied in large part by a people who, for whatever reason, regarded military strength as far more important than a pacific way of life. The Western democracies have gone back into khaki in time of peace because their very anxiety to divest themselves of that drab and detested colour had placed them in a position of appalling peril. Had those who accused them of being warmongers shared their detestation of war and warlike preparations, nothing could have induced them to re-arm.

And yet I believe that the Russians, even if their intentions are as sinister as they appear to be, do to-day genuinely believe that the Western democracies are planning war. Anyone who lives in a Parliamentary democracy, like Britain, America or France, knows that, in fact, the supposition is ridiculous: that it would be utterly impossible for any Parliamentary leader to take the initiative and commit his country to a preventive war against Russia: that any attempt to do so would be immediately repudiated by the overwhelming majority of all parties in the State and of all electors, and that a statesman who planned such a thing would not only be contemplating a course of action that he could never make effective but would be committing political suicide. Those who now unthinkingly ask why Stanley Baldwin did not go to war over Hitler's military reoccupation of Germany's own Rhineland in 1936, or even over Mussolini's far more apparently flagrant attack on the Abyssinians, overlook, like the Russians, this elementary factor in a democracy's Parliamentary life. Whatever statesmen may plan or desire, the overwhelming majority of men and women in a nation trained in liberal principles ardently desire peace and passionately hate war and the ways of war, and, in a Parliamentary democracy, have the power to enforce that desire on their leaders. The Russian people, who may well desire peace as ardently, have no such power. They have to do as their leaders tell them, and have no means, save that of revolution, of bringing them to book if they flout their will.

Yet the British people, like the Americans, are arming and are making immense, potentially ruinous, and most distasteful sacrifices to do so. They are doing so because they are afraid: a fear created by their earlier debauch of pacifism and pacific action, and by Soviet Russia's contemptuous and iron refusal to take part in that debauch and by its own titanic military preparations. To-day the British people are prepared to allow their politicians to make military demands of them in peacetime which otherwise would be unthinkable. Apart from their acceptance of universal military service—a principle traditionally alien to our people, as it is to those of the United States—and of the continuance of a level of taxation such as neither Britain nor any other democratic nation has ever before borne in peacetime, the nation is allowing the military authorities to encroach on private liberties and public amenities in a manner which a generation ago would have aroused such a storm of indignation as would have overthrown in a night even the strongest Government. How widespread is that encroachment, now almost universally accepted as necessary by our enduring people, can be illustrated by a single, small personal instance. My own life to-day is passed almost entirely in three places—and all of them places where in the past one would have least expected the impact of military activities. One is the retired home in a remote and little-

WINNERS OF THE LONDON-NEW ZEALAND AIR RACE.



THE WINNER OF THE TRANSPORT SECTION OF THE LONDON TO NEW ZEALAND AIR RACE—THE LONGEST AND FASTEST EVER RUN: "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN," K.L.M.'S LIFTMASTER. Only three aircraft flew in this section—"The Flying Dutchman," a B.E.A. Viscount and an R.N.Z.A.F. Hastings. The last-named had to change an engine in Ceylon and so was disqualified; the Viscount, which had a complement of twelve and was flying at scratch, had a gross and net time of 40 hours 40 mins. 26'4 secs. "The Flying Dutchman," which carried seventy-six persons, including sixty-four fare-paying passengers, had a time allowance of 44 hours 29 mins. 31 secs., and since its gross time was 49 hours 57 mins. 13 secs., it was the winner of the race in the astonishing net time of 5 hours 27 mins. 42 secs.



THE WINNER OF THE SPEED SECTION OF THE LONDON TO NEW ZEALAND AIR RACE: THE R.A.F. CANBERRA PR-3, FLOWN BY FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT R. L. E. BURTON.

All five entries in the speed section were Canberras, three British-built and flown by R.A.F. officers, two Australian-built and flown by R.A.A.F. officers. Two of the British Canberras were PR-3s, with Rolls-Royce RA-3 engines; the third a PR-7, with Rolls-Royce RA-7 engines. This last, flown by Wing Commander Hodges, was the favourite, but had engine trouble at Perth and so was out of the race. The two Australians were B-20's, with Rolls-Royce RA-3 engines, and one of these burst a tyre at the Cocos. The three finishers and their times were: Flight-Lieut. Burton (PR-3) 23 hours 52 mins., first; Squadron Leader P. F. Raw (B-20), 24 hours 32 mins., second; and Flight-Lieut. R. M. Furze (PR-3), 24 hours 35 mins.

ment as a garage and repair depôt for the staff and other cars they service there, starting their engines at all hours of the night and making sleep in my room on the front of the house a major essay in concentration! While at my mother's home in Wiltshire, where during my visit to Dorset I fly whenever my aged dog's hysteria at the heavy firing becomes too frantic to endure—a spot equally isolated and, until a few years ago a place of centuries-old unbroken peace and silence—not only has a forest of mysterious masts grown during the past few years on one of its exquisite horizons, but the detonating sound of jet aircraft practising their evolutions scarcely ever ceases for more than a few consecutive minutes of the day. If such is my limited experience, repeated in each of the three places to which I repair to live and work, I suppose it must be that of millions of other peace-loving English men and women. And it is hardly, perhaps, surprising under such circumstances that Mr. Malenkov's spies in our midst send back to their master reports of warlike preparations. But if only the lords of the Kremlin could allow themselves the unwonted luxury of a little objective thinking and ask themselves dispassionately why we are making them, how quickly such preparations might become unnecessary and how speedily and gratefully we in this threatened and beleaguered island would return to the peaceful ways we inherited and love and which we appear, through no fault of our own, to have forfeited.

frequented corner of Dorset where, when I am able to escape from the work I have to do in London, I live, write and farm. During the war the valley adjacent to it—one of the loveliest in England or, indeed, in the world—was requisitioned by the military authorities to provide a training-ground, its inhabitants being evacuated at a few days' notice with a solemn promise by Mr. Churchill's National Government that at the end of the war their homes would be restored to them. When I first revisited the valley a year or two after the war, an official notice-board at the forbidden entrance to it recorded in beautifully-phrased and, I have always felt, almost Churchillian English, the willing sacrifice of the valley's inhabitants and the Government's solemn promise of the restoration of their homes. A few months later, following a visit by Mr. Attlee's Socialist Minister of Town and Country Planning to the local town, it was announced that the valley was to remain permanently requisitioned; thereafter the notice-board, with its broken pledge, unobtrusively disappeared. To-day, under Sir Winston Churchill's Conservative Government, the noise of the firing over this requisitioned valley has become so intense that even outside it at times, both of the day and night, the earth vibrates as on a battlefield, and the windows and doors of the houses tremble and rattle as like the teeth of a rat shaken by a terrier. This by itself might illustrate nothing and merely be an isolated exception to the peaceful tenor of English ways and life. Yet, in the formerly quiet London residential street where my office is and where I live and sleep when in London, nearly half the houses in the square, taken over during the war, are still occupied by the military, who use the roadway and even the pave-

BACK AT THE HELM: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AND MR. EDEN AT MARGATE.



WINDING UP THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY CONFERENCE AT MARGATE: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, WHOSE SPEECH WAS A SPECIAL PERSONAL TRIUMPH.



MAKING HIS FIRST SPEECH SINCE HIS ILLNESS: MR. ANTHONY EDEN, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, ADDRESSING THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY CONFERENCE.



MAKING A TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO PUBLIC LIFE WITHIN A FEW WEEKS OF HIS SEVENTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL ADDRESSING THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY'S ANNUAL CONFERENCE AT MARGATE. HIS SPEECH SHOWED BRITAIN AND THE WORLD THAT OUR GREAT ELDER STATESMAN LACKS NOTHING OF HIS ZEST, WIT OR ORATORY.

The Conservative Party's annual Conference was held at Margate from October 8-10. On the opening day Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, was given an enthusiastic reception by delegates when he made his first speech since his illness. At the close of the Conference the Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, made his first public speech since his recent illness and spoke with great vigour for nearly an hour. In every way his return to public life was a great personal triumph and a reassurance; and his speech has truly been described as that "of a party leader and a world statesman." Sir Winston reaffirmed his belief in the value of

Four Power talks by the heads of Governments and said that the Government would persevere in seeking such a meeting. He ended his speech with a moving personal passage which answered many spoken and unspoken questions: "A word about myself," he said. "If I stay on for the time being, bearing the burden at my age, it is not because of love for power or office. I have had an ample share of both. If I stay on it is because I have the feeling that I may, through things that have happened, have an influence on what I care about above all else—the building of a sure and lasting peace."

THE TRIESTE CRISIS: SOME IMMEDIATE REACTIONS IN BELGRADE AND ROME.



BELGRADE FIREMEN USING HOSES TO DISPERSE DEMONSTRATORS OUTSIDE THE AMERICAN EMBASSY DURING DISTURBANCES FOLLOWING THE ANGLO-U.S. DECISION ON TRIESTE.



YUGOSLAV STUDENTS CHANTING SLOGANS AS THEY MARCHED PAST THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY IN BELGRADE IN PROTEST AGAINST THE RECENT ANGLO-U.S. DECISION.



(ABOVE.) WRECKAGE IN THE BRITISH READING-ROOM IN BELGRADE AFTER DEMONSTRATIONS AND RIOTING IN THE CAPITAL WHEN THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN DECISION TO MOVE OUT OF ZONE "A" BECAME KNOWN.



ANGRY CROWDS GATHERING IN THE STREETS OF BELGRADE. DEMONSTRATIONS OUTSIDE VARIOUS AMERICAN AND BRITISH OFFICIAL BUILDINGS TOOK PLACE ON SEVERAL DAYS



THE ITALIAN NATIONAL FLAG FLYING ABOVE THE CITY HALL OF TRIESTE, AFTER IT BECAME KNOWN THAT ZONE "A" WAS BEING HANDED OVER TO ITALY.



CHEERING YOUTHS WAVING FLAGS AND BURNING INCENSE IN ROME, WHEN THE NEWS BECAME KNOWN THAT ITALY HAD AGREED TO TAKE OVER IN ZONE "A" IN TRIESTE.

On October 8 simultaneous announcements were made by London and Washington and communicated to the Italian and Yugoslav Governments to the effect that they proposed to terminate the Allied Military Government and to withdraw their troops from the Free Territory, relinquishing the administration of Zone A to Italy. (Zone B is already administered by Yugoslavia.) Yugoslavia immediately protested against this unilateral decision, and there was an outbreak of demonstrations in Belgrade with police having to disperse crowds in front of the British and U.S. Embassies and the Italian Legation. The windows of the British and

American reading-rooms in the capital were broken. The decision was, however, welcomed in Italy. On October 9 the Yugoslav Government presented notes of protest to the British and U.S. Governments; and the Italian Premier, Signor Pella, indicated that Italy was prepared to undertake the administration of Zone A. The Yugoslavs closed the frontier and a number of demonstrations were staged, notably at Gorizia, near the Italian and Zone A frontiers. On October 11 Marshal Tito, addressing a large gathering at Skoplje in Macedonia, declared that the moment Italian troops set foot in Zone A of the Free Territory, Yugoslav forces

[Continued opposite.]

TRIESTE AND ITS HINTERLAND, THE SETTING OF THE ZONE "A" INTERNATIONAL CRISIS.



PART OF THE HARBOUR AT TRIESTE, SHOWING SMALL CRAFT TIED UP AT THE QUAYS, FROM WHICH THE CITY RUNS BACKWARD TOWARDS THE HILLS OF THE HINTERLAND.



PART OF THE WATERFRONT AT TRIESTE, SHOWING SOME OF THE FINE BUILDINGS OF THE MODERN CITY WHICH WAS LARGELY DEVELOPED BY THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN EMPIRE.



PART OF THE LITTORANEA ROAD, A FINE COASTAL ROAD WHICH CONNECTS THE CITY OF TRIESTE WITH MONFALCONE, WHICH LIES JUST OVER THE FRONTIER, IN ITALY.



TRIESTE BY NIGHT: A VIEW OF THE MAGNIFICENT SITUATION AND HARBOUR. IN GENERAL THE COASTAL TOWNS OF THE PENINSULA HAVE A PREDOMINANTLY ITALIAN POPULATION, WHILE THE HINTERLAND IS PREDOMINANTLY YUGOSLAV.



TRIESTE HAS A NUMBER OF HARBOUR BASINS AND THIS OBLIQUE VIEW, WHICH LINKS WITH THAT OF THE TOP-RIGHT PHOTOGRAPH, SHOWS SOME OF THEM, TOGETHER WITH THE CITY'S WATERFRONT BUILDINGS.

Continued.

would move in as well; and in the course of his speech urged Britain and the United States to revoke their "unjust unilateral decision." His speech was greeted with tumultuous applause. On the same day Major-General Winterton, the Zone commander in Trieste, broadcast a message in this form: "In order to dissipate rumours of an immediate withdrawal of the Anglo-American troops from Zone A, General Winterton wishes to repeat that the exact date of their departure will be



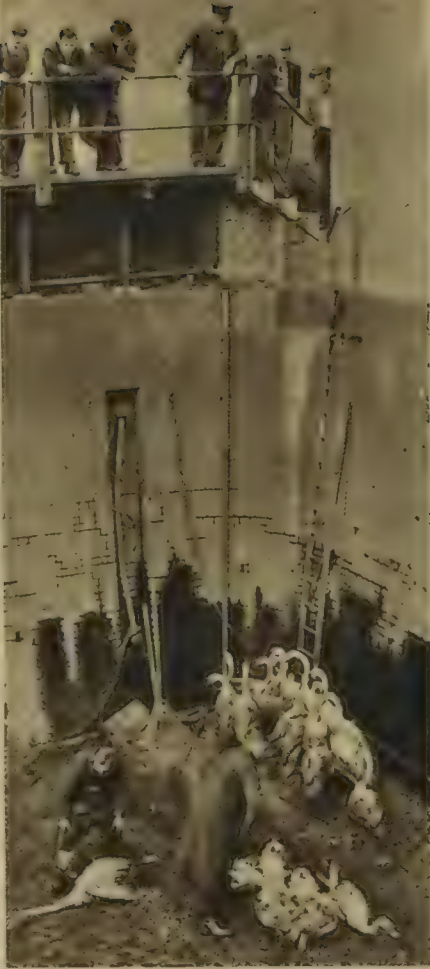
AN ITALIAN-YUGOSLAV FRONTIER POST, NEAR THE NORTH OF ZONE "A" AND NOT FAR FROM THE SCENE OF LARGE-SCALE YUGOSLAV DEMONSTRATIONS AT OKROGLICA, WHERE MARSHAL TITO ADDRESS A LARGE CROWD ON SEPTEMBER 6.

announced later. Naturally, preparations for the withdrawal will take time." At the same time it was reported that there were considerable military movements in Zone B, which could be interpreted as a prelude to the military occupation of Zone A by the Yugoslavs. Zone A is that part of the Free Territory which includes the predominantly Italian city of Trieste and then runs in a narrow coastal strip (predominantly Yugoslav) northwards to the Italian frontier.

AIR, LAND AND WATER: ITEMS OF
INTEREST AT HOME AND ABROAD.



SWIMMING THE BOSPHORUS: MISS FLORENCE CHADWICK, OF CALIFORNIA, REACHES THE ASIAN SIDE IN 41 MINS. 35 SECS. Miss Florence Chadwick, of California, who set up an England-to-France Channel-swim record of 14 hrs. 42 mins. on September 4 and a new record of 5 hrs. 6 mins. by swimming the Straits of Gibraltar on September 20, swam the Bosphorus both ways on October 7 in 1 hr. 14 mins. 7 secs.



OIL POLLUTION IN LONDON'S RIVER: HELPLESS SWANS BEING RESCUED. The R.S.P.C.A. has recently been engaged in rescuing swans smothered in oil from the River Thames at Rotherhithe for treatment at Putney. The swans are about to be raised in a net.



A MEMORIAL TO MEN OF THE ROYAL NAVAL PATROL SERVICE UNVEILED AT LOWESTOFT.

On October 7, the First Sea Lord, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, unveiled a memorial at Lowestoft to the 2385 men of the Royal Naval Patrol Service who lost their lives at sea in World War II, and is seen in this photograph addressing the gathering.



PASSENGERS IN THE ENGLAND TO NEW ZEALAND AIR RACE: SOME OF THOSE WHO FLEW IN THE K.L.M. DOUGLAS LIFTMASTER ARRIVING AT LONDON AIRPORT.

The K.L.M. Douglas Liftmaster, which won the £10,000 first prize in the Transport Handicap Section of the London to Christchurch air race, carried seventy-six persons, including sixty-four fare-paying passengers. Some of these are shown above arriving at London Airport before the race.



NOW IN USE AT LIVERPOOL STREET STATION: THE FIRST AUTOMATIC LUGGAGE LOCKERS TO BE INTRODUCED IN THE EASTERN REGION OF BRITISH RAILWAYS. THEY PROVIDE ACCOMMODATION FOR HAND-LUGGAGE FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AT A COST OF 6D.



THE FIRST TANKER IN THE WORLD SPECIALLY BUILT TO CARRY LIQUID GAS IN TANKS: A VIEW OF THE RASMUS THOLSTRUP, BUILT AT GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN.

The Rasmus Tholstrup is the first tanker in the world to be built to carry liquid gas in tanks. The gas is loaded into twelve vertical tanks, taking 320 tons of gas in all. The ship was designed by a Danish engineer and built at Gothenburg, Sweden, as the Danish shipyards are fully engaged until next year.



DESIGNED AS A FORERUNNER OF HIGH-SPEED AIRCRAFT FLYING AT VERY HIGH ALTITUDES: THE SHORT SHERPA.

The Sherpa, which recently made its first flight in Belfast, is a research aircraft designed and built by Short Bros. and Harland Ltd. It is the first aircraft ever to fly with an "aero-isoclinic" wing, and instead of conventional ailerons and elevators, it has rotating wing-tips.

GREAT VICTORS OF HARRINGAY: "HORSE OF THE YEAR" SHOW WINNERS.



"THE SHOW HACKNEY HORSE OF THE YEAR":
MR. MELLOR'S HURSTWOOD LONELY LADY.



"THE SHOW HACKNEY PONY OF THE YEAR":
MISS M. P. JAMES'S OAKWELL SIR JAMES.

THE splendid "Cavalcade of 1953" brought a successful "Horse of the Year" Show at Harringay Arena to a close on October 10. The jumping was outstanding. Mr. Alan Oliver won the title of "Show Jumper of the Year" on Mr. Payne's *Red Admiral*, and rode *Planet*, *Sheila* and *Red Star* into equal second, third and fourth places for the same owner. Miss Pat Smyth's achievement in jumping two clear rounds on *Tosca* in the time of 33.5th secs. was remarkable, and gave her the victory over Herr Buchwaldt in the *Daily Graphic* Cup. She also won the Harringay Spurs for

(Continued opposite.)

(RIGHT.)

"THE SHOW JUMPER OF THE YEAR": MR. PAYNE'S *RED ADMIRAL*, RIDDEN BY MR. ALAN OLIVER. MR. OLIVER GAINED THE FIRST FOUR PLACES IN THE "LEADING SHOW JUMPER OF THE YEAR" EVENT WITH MR. PAYNE'S ENTRIES.



Continued.] the highest score by a jumper under F.E.I. rules, and gained the *Country Life* Cup by going over the difficult course in 49 secs. on her *Prince Hal*. The *Sunday Times* Cup for inter-county team-jumping went to Yorkshire. The Show Horses of this year were: Hunters—the Duke of Norfolk's *Penny Royal*; Hacks—Miss Wainwright's *Lovely Boy*; Cobs—Mrs. Crotey's *Badger*; Working Hunter—Mr. Marmont's *Rajah III*; Hackney Horse—Mr. Mellor's *Hurstwood Lonely Lady*; Hackney Pony—Miss M. P. James's *Oakwell Sir James*; Children's Pony—Mrs. Coates's pure-bred Arab, *My Pretty Maid*. Lieut.-Colonel Llewellyn, after trying out two horses at the "Horse of the Year" Show, has decided to take *Lady Jane* as his second horse for the American and Canadian tour. When riding *Foxhunter* on October 10, Lieut.-Colonel Llewellyn had a fall and was slightly concussed, but was able to watch the finish of the jumping.



"THE SHOW COB OF THE YEAR": MRS. CROTEY'S *BADGER*.



"THE SHOW WORKING HUNTER OF THE YEAR": MR. MARMONT'S *RAJAH III*.



"THE SHOW HACK OF THE YEAR" AT THE "HORSE OF THE YEAR" SHOW:
MISS WAINWRIGHT'S *LOVELY BOY*.



"THE SHOW CHILDREN'S PONY OF THE YEAR": MRS. COATES'S PURE-BRED ARAB,
MY PRETTY MAID.

THE POLITICAL SCENE FROM 1905 TO 1951.

"ORDERS OF THE DAY; Memories of nearly fifty years of the House of Commons"; By the Rt. Hon. Earl Winterton, P.C.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

ABOUT twenty years ago, Lord Winterton—who was at one time the "Baby" (not to mention the *Enfant Terrible*) of the House of Commons, and, after forty-seven years, became the most active "Father of the House" on record—published a book called "Pre-War." It was about his own life, and English life in general, before the war of 1914-18, when hearts and taxation were light, when (to the majority, who would not look at the German Menace) youth seemed safe, and gradual social betterment inevitable: it was high-spirited, full of clear, bright descriptions of hunting and the English landscape. By the time that that book was published there was a great gap between the England which the young author had known and the England he had to confront when he returned after four years of active service. I hoped, when he published that first and quite charming book, that he might quickly follow up "Pre-War" with "War" and "Post-War." He did not. The story of his war (and he served under T. E. Lawrence in the Arab Campaign) has still to be told; and he has waited until now, when another war has made a still greater breach with our past, to resume the pen. And this time he has confined himself to the political scene as observed in and from the House of Commons.

He opens with a retrospect. He stands in the rebuilt House of Commons in 1951. The House is about to be prorogued: on its last day he makes his, and its, last speech: King George VI. has to be congratulated on his recovery (temporary, alas) from an illness. His mind goes back to 1904 when, as an undergraduate of twenty-one, he first took his seat in a Parliament which had first met when Queen Victoria was still reigning. Only one man who was there in those early days is still there: namely, Sir Winston Churchill. The Irish have vanished; the Liberal Party has dwindled into a tiny Welsh rump; the Labour Party, from a minute group of ex-colliers and such, has grown into one of the two great Parties in the State: but the House of Commons is still the House of Commons: and Lord Winterton is still a House of Commons man.

There are nearly fifty years of history in the book. There are character sketches of many men (he does justice, for example, to Lord Baldwin, and is devastating about Mr. Gandhi); there are sagacious comments on all our crises; there are blunt words instead of euphemisms about the consequences of universal suffrage; there are plenty of funny stories; and there are a few "revelations." Amongst the stories, one of the oddest is that which refers to a Burma Round Table Conference (the Burmese, today, are left to their own devices): "On one occasion, when there was an angry scene between two of the Burmese delegates, I suggested that they should cease this 'cat-and-dog fight' and let the Conference proceed to the next business. One of the delegates concerned then said in tones of great indignation, 'I tell the Noble Lord that I am not a cat and I am not a dog. I have been insulted and shall leave the Conference and not return.' He then bowed to the chairman and left the room. Fortunately, a day or two later I was able, with the aid of another Burman, and over a drink, to convince him that I was only speaking metaphorically, and he returned to the Conference." Amongst the revelations (new to me, at least) is the statement that, just before T. E. Lawrence's death, Sir Winston Churchill wanted him to be made "Minister of Defence." The notion seems as sensible to Lord Winterton as it does to me.

After I had finished the book, with its pageant of ghosts, some still vividly remembered, some forgotten, some destined to be important figures to later historians, some (after having held equally high office with those) to be never again more than names; "transient and embarrassed phantoms," its recovery of old controversies and its comments on controversies still alive, I asked myself what was my dominant impression of the book. The answer was: "Its complete fairness, carried, by chivalrous instinct, to the extreme of generosity, towards opponents." He allows no party predilections, and no superiority of the *laudator temporis acti* to interfere with his assessment of facts. There are people, impressed by the Gadarene rush of the Labour Party in 1945, when they sang "The Red Flag" in the handsomely-lent Chamber of the Lords, and proceeded to treat their surviving opponents in the House of Commons as though they were "vermin" without a chance of return, who think that the House of Commons could never have seen such an unpleasant spectacle before our time. Lord Winterton will have none of that. He—young still at heart, but entitled, by mere passage of years, to put on the false beard of Father

acute feeling between the Tories and Socialists—as, for example, after the 1931 election—since the departure of the Irish Nationalists." Those same Irish Nationalists have gone: almost to a man they were Catholics and agrarians but, with their eyes set on the sole object of Home Rule, they forced a Liberal Government, largely urban and Non-conformist in its backing, to break the Lords' Veto, and shatter the old



EARL WINTERTON, P.C., THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Lord Winterton was born in 1883, and was first elected a Member of Parliament in November 1904. When he took his seat in February 1905 he was the "Baby of the House." When he retired at the Dissolution in 1951 he vacated the position of "Father of the House" which he had held for some years. He served with distinction during the 1914-18 war, and during his forty-seven years of active Parliamentary service he spent nearly nine years in office, either as an Under-Secretary or a Cabinet Minister in four Governments and under three different Prime Ministers. He is the author of "Pre-War, 1904-14," a Volume of Reminiscences (1932). He was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's Parliamentary Private Secretary in 1906 and was in Sir Winston (then Mr.) Churchill's "Shadow Cabinet" from 1945-50.

Portrait of Lord Winterton by Courtesy of the Publishers of "Orders of the Day."

structure of the British Constitution—Lord Hugh Cecil made a tremendous speech on this subject, which is not here recorded, but may, by later chroniclers, be dug out of Hansard. The House, at that time, was a bear-pit.

Lord Winterton frankly admits that. What is the use of denying it? But he, at one time the turbulent youth who, from a bench below the gangway, used, in company with the late Lord Londonderry, Charles Mills and Lord Helmsley (the last two killed in the '14 war) to yell derision at the Asquiths, and the Birrells, looks back, as a kindly judge, even at Mr. Asquith. And, to move to a later period, he is quite complimentary to Ramsay MacDonald (whom Harold Cox, in the 1906 Parliament, described as a "Scotch mist," because his powerful declamations made no sense whatever in print) and says, of Mr. Aneurin Bevan, that he is "a first-class orator of the classic kind." He even goes out of his way to defend Mr. J. H. Thomas, who he thinks represented a type of Trade Union leaders who worthily uphold British standards, at home and abroad. "The pity," he says, "is that, by an out-moded custom, they and their followers should consider it obligatory to support the Labour Party, especially as many of them are Socialists in nothing but name. Perhaps, however, by being so hopelessly illogical, they are merely being typically English."

That leads me farther still. Lord Winterton has a passage about the Speakers of his time. He pays a great tribute to Mr. Speaker Fitzroy, but a greater

one still to Mr. Speaker Lowther, afterwards Lord Ullswater. That Speaker had to control those riotous Parliaments of 1906 and 1910: and control them he did, with his beard, his reserve and his impressive caustic and humorous growl. It occurs to me that Lord Winterton himself would have made no bad successor to Mr. Speaker Lowther. I can hear swarms of deceased Liberals and Socialists screaming from Limbo: "What—Winterton?" To them I reply: "Yes—Winterton." I don't suppose that either he or anybody else ever thought of him as a candidate for the Speakership. But I think that, had he achieved the position, he would have filled it to the satisfaction even of the Communists who, for the time being, seem to have disappeared from the House.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 618 of this issue.



ILLUSTRATING THE ITALIAN OR SLOVENE MAJORITY IN AREAS OF THE FREE TERRITORY: A MAP OF TRIESTE SHOWING ZONE A, WHICH IS TO BE ADMINISTERED BY ITALY, AND ZONE B, WHICH WILL REMAIN UNDER YUGOSLAV ADMINISTRATION.

It was announced on October 8 that Britain and the U.S. had decided to abolish the Allied Military Government in Trieste and to withdraw their troops; and that, in view of the predominantly Italian character of Zone A of the Free Territory, it would be administered by the Italians. Zone B would remain under the Government of Yugoslavia. Our map shows areas of the Free Territory with an Italian or Slovene majority. The population of the whole Territory is some 400,000. In Zone A there are approximately 250,000 Italians to 50,000 Slovenes; and in Zone B the proportion is about 80,000 Slovenes to 20,000 Italians. The Slovene areas are larger than the Italian, but more sparsely populated. The Free Territory was constituted by the Peace Treaty with Italy of February 1947 as a compromise between the conflicting interests of the Western Powers and Soviet Russia, and as a temporary measure. In 1948 the Western Powers sought in vain for Russian approval of the return of the Free Territory to Italian sovereignty. Unavailing efforts have been made since to find a solution acceptable to Italy and Yugoslavia; and Britain and the U.S. are now no longer prepared to maintain responsibility for administering Zone A. The Yugoslav reaction, which included angry demonstrations in Belgrade, is illustrated on other pages. Marshal Tito has stated that Yugoslav troops will march into Zone A if Italian troops enter it.

Reproduced by courtesy of "The Times."

The map reproduced here is not connected with the book reviewed on this page.

Christmas—won't have that. "M.P.s and others," says he, "often ask me in these days when there has been a 'scene' in the House, if manners and the relationship between the two sides have not greatly deteriorated in recent years. I always reply that the opposite is the truth. The Irish Nationalists, unlike any other party within my long recollection of the House of Commons, with the exception of the members representing the Clyde for a short period after the 1922 election (they soon adopted a more reasonable attitude), have been the only party or group who deliberately attempted to injure the House as an institution by uproar, insults and obstructions; they atoned for this, to some extent, by their wit and the remarkable standard of Parliamentary eloquence among them. But the House has been an infinitely more reasonable place, even in the days of the most

* "Orders of the Day." By the Rt. Hon. Earl Winterton, P.C. Portrait Frontispiece. (Cassell; 21s.)



"NOW THE WHISTLE OF THE P.T. INSTRUCTOR SOUNDS" IN THE DUKE'S UNDERGROUND BALLROOM: THE UNIQUE GYMNASIUM OF THE ARMY'S NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL, WELBECK COLLEGE, IN WHAT IS PROBABLY THE COUNTRY'S LARGEST PRIVATE BALLROOM AND SURROUNDED BY FAMILY PORTRAITS.



ON THE SITE OF THE FAMOUS RIDING SCHOOL BUILT BY THE FIRST CAVENDISH DUKE OF NEWCASTLE IN STUART TIMES: THE CHAPEL OF WELBECK ABBEY NOW USED AS A SCHOOL CHAPEL BY THE FIRST PUPILS OF THE NEW WAR OFFICE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

THE NOBLE SETTING OF THE WAR OFFICE'S NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL: A NEW LIFE FOR THE SPLENDOURS OF WELBECK ABBEY.

The great majority of Welbeck Abbey, the famous palace of the Dukes of Portland in the Dukeries—in Nottinghamshire—has been leased by the War Office; and as Captain Falls writes in his article on page 598, "its object is to provide candidates for regular commissions in the technical corps of the Army." It is not, however, a military establishment but in practice resembles the senior part of the modern side of an ordinary public school. Boys enter it at the age of sixteen and after two years and a brief obligatory service in

the ranks, pass without examination into the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst. The general tendency of their education at Welbeck College (as the new school is called) is scientific, but the other aspects of a good general education are not neglected. The boys are drawn from many sources and "the tuition, board, lodging, maintenance (including clothing), books, stationery, laundry, and even pocket-money, are provided by the War Office"; although parents whose means suffice are asked to contribute.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



THE FIRST TERM OF A UNIQUE SCHOOL, IN SURROUNDINGS OF DUCAL SPLENDOUR: THE FIRST ENTRY

Welbeck College, the Army's new boarding-school at Welbeck Abbey, near Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, opened for its first term on September 25 with forty-eight boys. In the spring term a further twenty-seven will enter the school; and the strength will eventually be built up to 150. It is obvious that, since the course is one of

two years, if the school had started at full strength it would be completely emptied every two years without any opportunity to build up any continuity and tradition. The headmaster of the new school is Mr. D. A. Rickards, M.A., formerly a housemaster at Blundells School, Tiverton, Devon. There were 200 applicants for the first

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



OF WELBECK COLLEGE PLAYING HOCKEY BEFORE THE IMPRESSIVE SOUTH FRONT OF WELBECK ABBEY.

48 places and 120 for the second 27. The forty-eight chosen boys for the first term are drawn as follows: seven from independent or public schools; thirty-five from grammar schools; three from technical schools; and three from Army schools in Germany. The school's crest contains crossed swords; but otherwise the life is civilian.

ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

The boys wear grey and are organised under prefects; and the games played include cricket, football and hockey. There are also facilities for sailing. The curriculum includes cadet training but only on ordinary school lines, and the boys have little to remind them that their destination is Sandhurst.

THE first term of Welbeck College is now in progress. This establishment is an experiment on the part of the Army Council. Its object is to provide candidates for regular commissions in the technical corps of the Army. It bears, however, no resemblance to the cadet schools which flourished in the past on the Continent. It is not under military discipline and there is no bias in favour of military education in the curriculum. Where it is, so far as I know, unique, is that it provides an education on public school lines for senior boys only. The second peculiarity is that the pupils are pledged to undertake a period of military service of at least five years. This experiment has clearly been made in order to meet a need. The Army Council would not have set up this new school had there been available sufficient candidates of the type required coming through existing channels. It hopes to extend its field of recruitment. In this regard the fact that the school has been established in the North Midlands is significant, since northern England has been providing an astonishingly small proportion of the officers of the Army.

I will speak first of the setting. It is the celebrated, almost legendary, Welbeck Abbey, the seat of the Dukes of Portland. While I was there, looking out in all directions on magnificent views—slightly artificial in that so much of the timber has been grown to make panoramas, but none the worse for that—I was casting my mind back and wondering how much impression my surroundings made upon me when I was sixteen. I believe I should have appreciated the beauty of those avenues, woodlands and gardens, and the green lawns which in this country are our best recompense for a rainy summer. Welbeck, however, is not only one of the great houses of England, but contains a number of special curiosities of its own, mostly the handiwork of an eccentric Duke in the latter part of the last century. They include the celebrated sunk garden and a number of fantastic tunnels, along one of which a carriage-and-pair used to be driven. It certainly is a place to excite the imagination.

The school has the greater part of the splendid house itself. The State apartments and two sets of family apartments are still in the hands of the family, but most of the rest has passed to Welbeck College. The buildings have fitted themselves easily enough into their new rôle. The enormous room known as "Queen Mary's bedroom" has become the largest dormitory, for twelve boys. The enormous "underground ballroom" is used as a gymnasium, some sixty family portraits still remaining on the walls. It is a curious room, about 160 ft. by 60 ft., but less odd than some descriptions make it out to be. When I first read of it in my youth I got the impression that it was tunnelled like a station on the Bakerloo, but it is, in fact, deeply excavated, and is adequately lit and ventilated by roof windows. The vast empty library, a sad sight, will be taken over for the same purpose, but I do not suppose that the school will ever fill a fifth of its space. The modern Chapel, standing where once stood the riding school of the writing, equestrian and fighting first Cavendish Duke of Newcastle, suits the school perfectly. The Ministry of Works has used the new institution very well in the provision of modern fittings.

Because the ages of the boys come within such narrow limits, roughly sixteen to eighteen, the school has had to start gradually, and this term has begun with only forty-eight boys. Had it started at full strength, it would have been completely emptied in two years and have had to start all over again. It is to be brought up to a strength of 150. The method of entry is for parents to fill in forms of application provided by the War Office, after which the headmasters are asked to furnish confidential reports. Candidates are given a medical test and interviewed at Army headquarters. They then sit for an examination, but they are awarded marks for character and personality as well as for ability. The first forty-eight were chosen from a very large field. I enquired about their origins and was told that seven came from independent schools—public schools or those on the borderline—thirty-five from grammar schools, three from technical schools and three from Army schools in Germany. The youngest is just over sixteen.

The tuition, board, lodging, maintenance (including clothing), books, stationery, laundry, and even pocket-money, are provided by the War Office. Parents whose means suffice will be asked to contribute to maintenance according to their circumstances, so that some will pay nothing and others up to a maximum

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE NEW ARMY SCHOOL.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

of £90 a year. In this respect the principles of Dartmouth have been adopted. Thus no suitable boy will be excluded for want of means on the part of his parents. After their two years' course all boys who are reported to be suitable by the Headmaster will enter the Royal Military Academy without an examination, but before entering will carry out the brief obligatory period of service in the ranks. At Sandhurst they will have opportunities of preparing



THE OPENING OF A NEW TERM, A NEW YEAR AND A NEW PROJECT: NEW BOYS OF THE ARMY'S PUBLIC SCHOOL, WELBECK COLLEGE, THREE OF THE FIRST FORTY-EIGHT PUPILS, ARRIVING FOR THE FIRST TIME AT ONE OF THE ENTRANCES OF WELBECK ABBEY.

themselves for degree courses in engineering and science. Then, after receiving their commissions in technical corps, comes the prospect of vacancies at Cambridge or the Military College of Science.

As I have already stated, the need which the College has been formed to meet is the provision of officers for the technical corps. The largest proportion will go to the R.E.M.E., which maintains so big a proportion of the Army's technical equipment. I imagine that the Royal Engineers will come second, and the R.A.O.C. third. For this reason the greatest weight is laid on mathematical and scientific subjects, and practical workshop instruction will be given. Yet other aspects of a good general education, including English, a modern language and history, will not be



THE HEADMASTER OF WELBECK COLLEGE, MR. D. A. RICKARDS, FORMERLY A HOUSEMASTER AT BLUNDILLS SCHOOL, DEVON, INTERVIEWING SOME OF THE NEW BOYS. IN HIS ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE CAPTAIN FALLS DESCRIBES THE NEW SCHOOL AND ITS OBJECTS.

neglected. Welbeck College will, in short, follow the lines of the senior forms on the "science" or "modern" side of a public school. I may add that the competition for appointments on the staff appears to have been as strong as that for entry as pupils, so that there is every prospect of the school reaching and maintaining a high standard, if its excellent start can be taken as a promise for the future. The intention is to form a number of the societies which have become features of the life of many schools in recent

years. Physical training is in the hands of a Guards instructor.

Here, then, a house which modern taxation has rendered altogether unmanageable as a family habitation has been turned into a school, without structural alteration or, I was glad to note, any of the outward sprawling evidences of "conversion" which ruin the character of such a place. So far as I can see, Welbeck

Abbey is fortunate in its tenants. I am sure that they are fortunate in it, and in this I include staff as well as pupils. Perhaps the chief problem of the former is, ironically, education—that of their children—in a district off the beaten track. The playing fields are splendid. One instance of the adaptations made, which also reveals the scale on which things were once done at Welbeck, is to be found in a range of nine class-rooms beside the great ballroom. They have been provided by dividing three supper rooms, which existed for the special purpose of feeding hundreds of dancers, into three rooms each. Near by is the "pillar hall," which was an apartment for sitting out and is now the boys' common room. The highly imaginative might smell ghostly Havanas and hear the popping of ghostly champagne corks in such a setting, but perhaps young people of scientific bent are too matter-of-fact to do so.

One can not prophesy about the future of Welbeck College, which might conceivably be swept away by a wave of disarmament. I see no reason, however, why it should not endure even if the state of the world permitted the reduction of the Army. It has clearly cost a great deal of money, since the work has involved, apart from the school buildings themselves, conversion of other buildings into quarters for the staff. At the same time, in terms of the cost of building a school in these days, it can not have been expensive. And the finest school ever likely to be built would be a pale shadow of this, even if it contained a few more gadgets—and a number of fads. The setting is without price. The school is particularly lucky in that from the aesthetic point of view it might be the owner of the thousands of acres of the great estate which can be surveyed from its windows. It has received every possible help from the Duke of Portland, who does not live in the Abbey, but in another house on the estate—though he uses the State apartments for entertaining—and has been appointed Vice-Patron of the College.

Alongside it the business of an estate which has been to a large extent commercialised goes on. A well-known firm of canners stores its peas in one huge building. The biggest walled garden I have ever seen grows market produce. Close at hand is a horticultural nursery. Farming of various types is carried out on a very big scale. As for the gardens and pleasure grounds, it is remarkable how great an effort has been made, with but a small fraction of the staff of the old days, to keep them both tidy and beautiful and to preserve what amenities it is possible to save. There are still partridges in the stubble and pheasants in the woods. A good many of the great houses, even those inhabited—generally in part only—by the original owners, have an air of decay and gloom. Some, of course, are in full decay or, as in the case of the neighbouring Clumber, have disappeared so completely that, unless you were told there had been houses on their sites, you might not guess it. Welbeck has avoided a fate of that kind.

From his frame on the wall the eccentric Duke of whom I have spoken looks down on some extraordinary changes, but they are social rather than structural. The scene from the windows is unaltered and the appearance of the Abbey virtually so. He was, by the way, an extremely handsome man and, to judge by his portrait, something of a dandy; and his almost pathological shyness can not have been so acute during his younger days, since he was a Member of the House of Commons. Whatever be the future of Welbeck, it is never likely to be the setting of a scene as odd, or, in a sense, as pathetic as the start of his journeys to London: driving to Retford Station with the carriage blinds down—sometimes, it is said, along a tunnel which emerged on a quiet road—and then having the carriage run on to a flat truck and attached to the London train, to be met by his London horses at King's Cross and borne away, without ever having left his seat. Great numbers of much more famous men are connected with Welbeck, but he gave it some of its most remarkable qualities. Now the whistle of the P.T. instructor sounds in his underground ballroom.



"QUEEN MARY'S BEDROOM"—NOW THE LARGEST DORMITORY (WITH TWELVE BEDS) OF WELBECK COLLEGE, THE NEW SENIOR PUBLIC SCHOOL STARTED BY THE WAR OFFICE IN WELBECK ABBEY, THE FAMOUS SEAT OF THE DUKES OF PORTLAND.



"CHAPEL COURT"—ONE OF THE ENTRANCES TO WELBECK ABBEY: ON THE LEFT, THE STABLES, NOW CANTEN AND KITCHENS; ON THE RIGHT, THE CHAPEL, ON THE SITE OF THE OLD RIDING SCHOOL.



THE SEMI-CIRCULAR PRINT CORRIDOR OF THE ABBEY, FORMERLY CLOSELY HUNG WITH PRINTS, IS NOW USED BY WELBECK COLLEGE FOR INFORMAL LECTURES AND CONCERTS, AS HERE.

WHERE SCENES HISTORIC, ROYAL AND DUCAL SERVE A NEW SCHOLASTIC PURPOSE FOR THE BOYS OF WELBECK COLLEGE.

Welbeck Abbey, in which the War Office's new public school, Welbeck College, is situated, is a huge and impressive mansion and palace, set in a landscape of great natural and contrived beauty. Originally a house of Premonstratensian Canons, it passed at the Reformation to the Whalley family; and then, via the redoubtable Bess of Hardwick, to the Cavendish Dukes of Newcastle, becoming finally the seat of the Dukes of Portland. The best-known among its owners are that William Cavendish whom Charles I. created Duke of Newcastle, and

who was the author of a famous book on horsemanship and husband of one of the most remarkable women of the seventeenth century; and the fifth Duke of Portland, who was a great builder and was responsible for the huge underground constructions and tunnels which are such a feature of Welbeck Abbey. Both of these Dukes built riding schools; but that of the first was superseded by the present chapel, while the later one was one of the most famous of the large Victorian constructions in glass and cast-iron.

CRAYONS BY A FAMOUS CARTOONIST.



"TREVI FOUNTAIN," ONE OF A GROUP OF CRAYON DRAWINGS BY ERNEST SHEPARD, NOW ON VIEW AT HIS ONE-MAN SHOW AT WALKER'S NEW BOND STREET GALLERIES.



"NEPTUNE FOUNTAIN"; BY ERNEST SHEPARD, THE WELL-KNOWN ILLUSTRATOR AND BLACK-AND-WHITE ARTIST.



"TRAJAN COLUMN," ONE OF THE VIEWS OF ITALY INCLUDED IN ERNEST SHEPARD'S CURRENT EXHIBITION.



"THE PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE": A CRAYON DRAWING BY ERNEST SHEPARD, THE DISTINGUISHED "PUNCH" CARTOONIST, BLACK-AND-WHITE ARTIST, AND ILLUSTRATOR, WHO IS NOW HOLDING AN EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

An Exhibition of Water-colours and Drawings by Ernest Shepard opened last week at Walker's New Bond Street Galleries and will continue until October 27. Mr. Shepard is well known as a black-and-white artist and has been *Punch* cartoonist since 1945; but this is the first occasion on which he has shown water-colours. Those included in the current exhibition have been painted during the last six or eight years and are an attempt to capture in colour what Mr. Shepard has always seen in black and white. He is also exhibiting a number of pen-and-ink illustrations, including twenty for "Poems for Punch," and a group of illustrations for Kenneth Grahame's "Wind in the Willows," as well as the four admirable crayon drawings of architectural subjects in Rome and Florence which we reproduce. Among the books which Mr. Shepard has in the past illustrated are A. A. Milne's "When We Were Very Young" and "Winnie the Pooh"; and Laurence Housman's "Victoria Regina."

CHRISTIE'S RETURN TO THEIR GREAT ROOMS.

Auctioneers with a special place in London's history are the firm of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Wood, usually known only by the name of the first partner. Recently this famous firm returned to their Great Rooms at 8, King Street, St. James's, which were destroyed by enemy action on the night of April 17, 1941, and have now been rebuilt. The firm was founded in 1766 by James Christie; it first occupied premises in Pall Mall on a site now occupied by the United Service Club. In 1770 the business was removed to 125, Pall Mall, where, in 1803, James Christie died. In 1823, under his successor, James Christie II., a move was made to 8, King Street, the premises which were destroyed by bombs in World War II.



BACK AT NO. 8, KING STREET: CHRISTIE'S—THE WEST ROOM, SHOWING FURNITURE BELONGING TO THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY WHICH IS TO BE SOLD ON OCTOBER 22.



NOW RETURNED TO THEIR TRADITIONAL ADDRESS IN KING STREET: CHRISTIE'S—THE FAMOUS AUCTIONEERS—SHOWING THE FAÇADE OF THEIR REBUILT PREMISES.



CHRISTIE'S REBUILT: THE HALL AND MAIN STAIRCASE. OUTSIDE THE ANTE-ROOM IS A PLAQUE OF JAMES CHRISTIE, WHO FOUNDED THE FIRM IN 1766.

THE JOHN MARTIN EXHIBITION: A ONCE-FAMOUS BIBLICAL PAINTER.



"THE ASSUAGING OF THE WATERS," UNTIL RECENTLY BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN LOST.
(Canvas; 56 by 85 ins. R.A. 1840.) (The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, Edinburgh.)



"PARADISE—ADAM AND EVE; THE MORNING HYMN"; BY JOHN MARTIN (1789-1854). OIL-SKETCH FOR THE "PARADISE LOST" SERIES. (Canvas; 18 by 26½ ins.) (The Royal Hotel, Scarborough.)



"JOHN MARTIN"; A CHALK DRAWING BY CHARLES MARTIN.
(23½ by 19 ins.) (The Laing Art Gallery, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.)



"THE DELUGE"; AN ENGRAVING BY JOHN MARTIN OF HIS NOW-LOST PAINTING, WHICH IN 1826 ALMOST REPEATED THE WORLD-WIDE SUCCESS OF HIS "BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST." IT IS DEDICATED TO NICHOLAS I. OF RUSSIA. (18½ by 27 ins.)



"BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST": AN OIL-SKETCH FOR THE PAINTING WHICH MADE JOHN MARTIN FAMOUS BOTH IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.
(Canvas; 12 by 15½ ins.) (Mrs. Robert Frank.)



"THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH," WHICH, WITH THE OTHER WORKS REPRODUCED, IS ON VIEW AT THE WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY. SIGNED AND DATED 1852.
(Canvas; 52½ by 82½.) (Mr. E. F. Weidner.)

The John Martin Loan Exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, which is to continue until November 1, is the first comprehensive assembly of this artist's work to be seen in London since his death in 1854; though a Martin exhibition was held at the Laing Gallery, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1951, and illustrated in our pages. Mr. Eric Newton writes as follows in the foreword to the catalogue of the current exhibition: "With the possible exception of Gustave Doré, no artist has so consistently and so relentlessly used all the ingredients necessary for the concoction of what was once called the 'Sublime.' Martin's purpose was to impress, to overwhelm, to fill the beholder with awe." He chose Biblical scenes of horror, and of heavenly serenity, "creating for himself an impossibly grandiose environment of Babylonian skyscrapers and palaces whose columns, dizzily multiplied, support vast terraces and recede into giddy perspectives."

Martin, born in 1789, had a penurious youth, but in 1816 became famous with his R.A. painting, "Joshua Commanding the Sun to Stand Still." And in 1821 his R.A. picture, "Belshazzar's Feast," roused such enthusiasm that he became the best-known English artist of his day—with the possible exception of J. M. W. Turner. In 1826 his "Deluge" was almost equally popular. After his death in 1854 his pictures were for some twenty years regarded as masterpieces, but later he became "Mad Martin," whose works were unsaleable and were left to moulder in attics. To-day, "The Surrealist movement, with its unashamed emphasis on subject-matter and its pursuit of the strange, the macabre and the illogical, has done much to reinstate Martin." The present exhibition has been arranged with the help of Mrs. Robert Frank, whose late husband searched out and acquired many of Martin's pictures; and of his biographer, Mr. Thomas Balston.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE ANCIENT WORLD BROUGHT TO LIFE.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

YET another nobly illustrated book from the house of Skira at Geneva, this time dealing with Roman painting—that is, with paintings made in Rome itself and in Campania during the first century B.C. and down to the appalling disaster of A.D. 79, when Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried in lava ash from Vesuvius. Without this disaster there would have been no book, or, rather, no book on this scale, for survivals in Rome itself and elsewhere are few indeed; it is safe to assert that had the Pompeian paintings not been miraculously preserved by so terrible a mischance we could scarcely have guessed at the range and quality of the wall decorations which have been found both in private houses and in taverns and shops. As far as I know, this is the first time that a careful selection has been published in colour, and the result in "Roman Painting" will be a revelation to most of us, not because every painting chosen is of the highest quality, but because we can now realise the part played by colour in decorating both dwelling-houses and public buildings.

The author is Signor Amedeo Maiuri, Curator of the Naples Museum, which houses many of these pictures, and his account of the change of style from

which are not always shared in Italy. What is surprising is surely not that many of these pictures are second-rate, but that so many of them can be regarded as masterpieces of their kind. In this category I would place the Funeral Dance from a tomb at Ruvo from the earlier period, and from the later a small painting of a young woman picking flowers, from a house at Stabiae, which anticipates the spirit, if not the firm linear drawing of Botticelli, 1500 years later, and very naturally has been called

It is not that the subject is a beauty by our standards, but she is so very much alive. The work is carried out in very small tesserae, with subtle nuances of colour. The portrait, that of a thoughtful, full-lipped girl, was found inset in the floor of a bedroom, and presumably was that of the mistress of the house.

Brief but welcome chapters on gardens, animals and still-lives will possibly prove as interesting to the average reader as the more famous subjects already mentioned—certainly the majority of us are liable to

regard the still-life painting as the invention of Dutch and Flemish painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But the Pompeians had the fashion long before—fruit and vegetables, fish and game, cheese and poultry, pots and pans, glass and foliage—"... a rabbit, whose greediness has got the better of his fear, munching a bunch of ripe grapes; a bird pecking at a cherry or a juicy fig; a cock haughtily stalking away from a basket whose contents, however, he is itching to sample."

While the book is primarily devoted to painting as art, and as such will interest first those whose main delight consists in learning as much as they can about the achieve-

ment of every age in this glorious pursuit, it seems worth while pointing out that it should also find its way to the bookcase of the most colour-blind archaeologist whose interest may be confined solely to learning how men lived. In default of a file of "The Illustrated Pompeian News" of the century previous to 79 A.D., this volume provides an extraordinarily vivid glimpse of a lively, cultivated,



"THE FINEST EXTANT EXAMPLE OF ITALIOTE FUNERARY PAINTING": THE FUNERAL DANCE FRESCO FROM A TOMB AT RUVO (RUBI). (Museo Nazionale, Naples.)

"Over eighteen feet in length, this frieze is divided into six panels and runs all round the inner wall of the tomb. . . . The subject is a procession of women. . . . Their attitudes and gestures are those of the Classical Greek Chorus. Obviously we have here a depiction of the ritual 'threnody' around the body of the dead man; a ceremony which also figures on the earliest Dipylon vases of archaic Greece."

"Primavera" (page 83). Nor, I suggest, can we look at the few landscape paintings—very modern, bright and sparkling, some of them—without calling to mind how painfully the principles of perspective were rediscovered in Italy more than a millennium after the very memory of these bright evocations of nature had disappeared. But lively and gay though such scenes can be, pride of place must, I think, be given to the room at Pompeii around which is the frieze of The Dionysiac Mysteries, a monumental composition which expresses genuine religious emotion, and which, as the author justly notes, is "the direct precursor of those magnificent frescoes which, centuries later, were to adorn the walls and domes of Italian palaces and churches."

Here I must quote further: "In the 'essentially decorative compositions, the picture was treated as subsidiary to the general lay-out of the wall. On the other hand, in the case of the big figure paintings, the strictly decorative values of the wall-space were subordinated to the delineation of a specific scene and subject, religious, heroic or historical, as the case might be, and in these the artist gave free rein to his imagination. . . . This is an exceptional kind of art, and one which, thanks to its noble inspiration and the brilliant craftsmanship of its exponents, ranks far above the ordinary run of Roman and Pompeian painting. . . . Some time in the early phase of the Augustan age the mistress of the house (the Villa of the Mysteries) commissioned an artist of genius to decorate her salon, adjoining the marriage chamber, with a series of pictures covering the entire cycle of the Mysteries and illustrating the salient features of the ritual." Against a background of vermillion, divided by strips of green, the figures stand or move with quiet dignity, but though the pose might be hieratic, the features are those of individuals subject to fear or awe, and must surely be portraits—the lady of the house, for example, the initiate, and the picture of the maid-servant pouring out the lustral water for the priestess which provides so magnificent a dust-cover for the book. Mosaics, so much less easily destroyed than paintings on walls, have, of course, been found all over the Roman world and are familiar enough. Five from Pompeii are illustrated—three as examples of popular art, and of them, the theme of the watch-dog on page 112 is no doubt the most famous. This is one of three of the same subject found at Pompeii, and a very remarkable example it is of an expressive picture produced by admirably simple means—the body a dark mass, the tongue and leash reddish, and a rim of white cubes to give vitality and movement to as valiant an anti-burglar device as one can imagine. If this is good fun—this and, if you have a somewhat macabre sense of humour, the mosaic of a skeleton butler, an ingenious variant of the *memento mori* idea—a mosaic of a young woman is a serious and oddly attractive portrait (page 98).



"A HIGH-BORN POMPEIAN LADY": THE ONLY PORTRAIT IN MOSAIC TO HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED IN POMPEII.

"We have here the portrait of some high-born Pompeian lady. . . . It is interesting to compare this lifelike, realistic portrait with the idealized, almost academically formal portrait of a young girl [reproduced in colour on our facing page] whose delicately molded features and tranquil gaze suggest that she belongs to a patrician gens." Illustrations from "Roman Painting," the book reviewed on this page; by Courtesy of the Publishers.

obviously Hellenistic traditions to purely local experiments leaves nothing to be desired. If at times his very natural enthusiasm for his subject leads him to attribute more virtues to some of the paintings than they seem to possess to a critical English eye, we readily forgive him, for we also have our enthusiasms

* On this page Frank Davis reviews "The Great Centuries of Painting: Roman Painting." Text by Amedeo Maiuri, Curator of the Naples Museum. 84 Colour Plates. (Skira published in Great Britain by A. Zwemmer, Ltd.; £5 5s.)



"THE INITIATRIX": DETAIL FROM THE GREAT PICTURE SERIES IN THE VILLA OF THE MYSTERIES, POMPEII.

"The great picture sequence in the Villa of the Mysteries is one of the outstanding memorials of Campanian art, both for its religious significance and for its high artistic quality. . . . the ritual pageantry of the Mysteries unfolds itself as a sequence untrammelled by any plastic element, and the figures move, halt or form in groups quite independently of any preconceived compositional design. . . ."

pleasure-loving, colour-minded people, whose trade signs and tavern scenes, no less than the religious paintings of the more educated and serious citizens, bring the ancient world to life, so that we seem to be thinking their thoughts, sharing their fears and enjoying their amusements; if some of these wall-paintings are not even second-rate, but third-rate, they are but a cross-section of what must have been a considerable output; and who has the right to demand that every other painting in any year's Royal Academy should be a masterpiece? We are much in the debt of author and publisher for giving us so fine a selection.



"IN MAIDEN MEDITATION FANCY FREE."

THE PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL: A POMPEIAN WALL-PAINTING, NOW IN THE NAPLES MUSEUM.

THIS enchanting portrait, preserved in its original brilliance by the catastrophic eruption which overwhelmed Pompeii, has often been called "Sappho." In his recent book, "Roman Painting" (reviewed by Mr. Frank Davis elsewhere in this issue), Professor Amedeo Maiuri refers to it as an idealised formal portrait "of a young girl whose delicately moulded features and tranquil gaze suggest that she belongs to a patrician *gens*. She has been 'caught' by the painter in a meditative moment, when just about to record some thought or intimate emotion on the *tabellæ* she is holding. Lightly resting the tip of her *stilus* on her lips, she has paused to reflect before continuing to write on the wax tablets clasped together like a book which she holds in her left hand. The carefully-dressed curls framing the oval of her face and its dreamy expression bring to mind some nineteenth-century romantic portrait. We seem to have here a poetess in the throes of inspiration; indeed, this was once believed to be a likeness of Sappho. In point of fact, however, this charming damsel, with her refreshingly schoolgirlish air . . . is merely a well-bred young Pompeian, and the portrait might serve, at best, as a frontispiece for Ovid's *Heroides*." Portraits, idealised and realistic, are frequent and excellent in the remains of Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabiae. Many of them recall the portraits of the Fayyum; and it is probable that they were the work of both Greek and, later, native Campanian artists.

Reproduced from a colour print by Alinari, of Florence.

THE STATELY HOMES OF FRANCE: COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE HISTORIC CHÂTEAUX OF TOURAINE.

Mr. Somerset de Chair, a keen amateur colour photographer, whose interest in domestic architecture in this country is well known and who recently sold the sixteenth-century Cornish manor house, Trerice, to the National Trust, in sending us these autochrome-Lumière colour-plates of the principal French châteaux in Touraine, writes:



A PROMINENT LANDMARK UP AND DOWN THE LOIRE VALLEY: THE CHATEAU OF SAUMUR, AN ANCIENT FORTRESS REBUILT DURING THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY AND USED AS A PRISON DURING THE NAPOLEONIC WARS.

THERE is no part of the world where so many beautiful houses are concentrated in such a small area as in the valley of the Loire, in Touraine. This is because it was fashionable in the heyday of the French Court for the great nobles to build their châteaux in that sun-baked part of France, near one or other of the Royal summer residences. Nor can there be many river valleys so alive with history. There are châteaux, like Chambord, associated with Francis I., or, like Chenonceaux, with Henri II. and his beautiful mistress, Diane de Poitiers, who used to bathe naked in the dawn under one of the arches upon which this graceful house spans the River Cher. Chenonceaux

[Continued below, left.]



A CHARMING FRAGMENT OF A FORTIFIED MANOR HOUSE BUILT OF OLD ROSE-RED BRICK: THE CHATEAU OF LE MOULIN, WHICH PROBABLY DATES FROM THE END OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

[Continued.]

has been claimed as the most beautiful house in Europe; and who, looking at the illustration which accompanies this text, will deny the claim? Over 100,000 tourists visit it each summer, and among these have been a great many from Britain. I have always been particularly interested in this house since I first saw it when I was studying French in Touraine at the age of seventeen. The last time I saw it was two years ago, when I found the house was still furnished but not now lived in. It is owned by M. Antoine Menier, whose brother Hubert lives near by and very kindly acted as my host. Their mother, Mme. Georges Menier, motored up from the Atlantic coast to meet me there and entertained me in the pleasantly-shaded home farm of the château, where we tasted the latest vintage of Chenonceaux wine. Mme. Georges had lived in the château during her husband's lifetime and had run it as a hospital in the First World War. It seemed sad that neither she nor her sons lived in it now, for, as Hubert explained, "*Ce n'est pas écrasante*," it is not overwhelming, like some of the châteaux. "But," he added, "France is passing through a difficult time. Perhaps when my son grows up..." The elderly *régisseur*, M. Beaugeais, lives in the little house in the garden built by Catherine de Medici for the chancellor, and he told me that Mr. and Mrs. Attlee had been among those who had visited the château in recent years. In order to facilitate the approach of the then British Prime Minister

[Continued below.]



WHERE MOLIÈRE CREATED "MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC" AND "LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME": THE CHATEAU OF CHAMBORD, AN ARCHITECTURAL CONCEIT IN THE GRAND MANNER BUILT FOR FRANCIS I. IN 1519.

[Continued.]

to the portals of the château, he had suggested to him that his chauffeur should drive his car down to the house instead of leaving it at the entrance gates. "*Mon chauffeur!*" exclaimed Mr. Attlee. "*Voilà mon chauffeur,*" and he pointed to Mrs. Attlee. So it seemed that the famous family car which toured Britain in two elections also passed through Touraine. Not all the English tourists who visit Touraine will be as well-versed in the history of France as the former Prime Minister, but all can find pleasure in wandering about these incomparable houses. The art of colour photography has developed considerably since I took these pictures on glass autochrome-Lumière plates in 1929. But the châteaux have not changed at all,

[Continued above, right.]



BUILT FOR GILLES DE BERTHELOT BETWEEN 1518 AND 1529: THE CHATEAU OF AZAY-LE-RIDEAU.



THE CLASSIC TYPE OF MEDIAEVAL FORTRESS WHICH DOMINATES ITS VILLAGE IN THE VALLEY BELOW: THE CHATEAU DE LUYNES, REBUILT IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

ROMANTIC LINKS IN THE CHAIN OF HISTORY: FRENCH CHÂTEAUX AND THEIR LOVELY SETTINGS.

Continued.

as I can testify from two recent visits. As a keen amateur photographer, as well as a student of domestic architecture, I hope that these pictures will encourage others who share my enthusiasms to visit the châteaux of Touraine. A very pleasant base from which to visit the châteaux nowadays is the Hôtel du Bon Laboureur, in the village of Chenonceaux, where you are provided with admirable meals to fortify you before setting out on some motoring expedition to Azay-le-Rideau, built for Gilles de Berthelot, Finance Minister to Francis I., between 1518 and 1529, and now owned, like the majority of the French châteaux, by the Ministère des Beaux Arts, which corresponds, in a country which has no private charitable body like the National Trust, to the Ministry of Works; or to Chinon, where, in 1429, Joan of Arc first met the Dauphin and where John Lackland was married, which recaptures for the visitor the days of the Angevin kings, for Henry II. died here and lies with Eleanor near their famous son at Fontevrault; or to refresh

[Continued below, right.]



BUILT BY JEAN DE BUEIL IN 1475, A MEMBER OF ONE OF THE OLDEST TOURAINE FAMILIES: THE CHÂTEAU OF USSE, WHICH WAS COMPLETED IN 1535.



"PETITE VILLE, GRAND RENOM": THE CHÂTEAU OF CHINON, WHERE JOAN OF ARC FIRST MET THE DAUPHIN IN 1429 AND WHERE HENRY II. DIED. HE WAS BURIED AT NEAR-BY FONTEVRAULT AND LIES NEAR HIS FAMOUS SON.

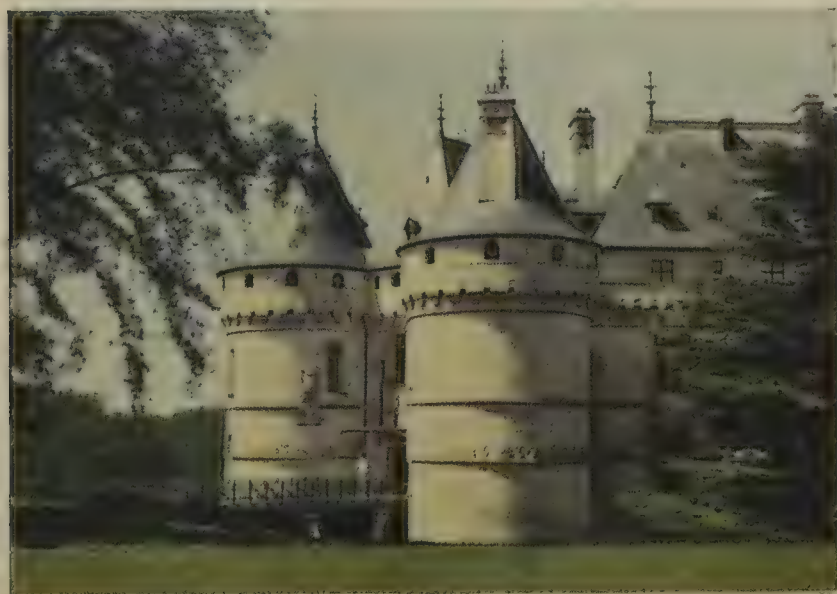


A GRACEFUL CHÂTEAU SPANNING THE RIVER CHER—THE SINGLE TOWER ON THE LEFT BEING ALL THAT SURVIVES OF THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY BUILDING: CHENONCEAUX, WHICH HENRI II. GAVE TO HIS MISTRESS, DIANE DE POITIERS.

Continued.

you on your return from Chambord, an architectural conceit in the grand manner built for Francis I., who used it as a hunting lodge and where, on a window-pane, he scratched with a diamond the words: "*Souvent femme varie; Fol est qui s'y fie*" ("Woman is fickle; the man who trusts her is a lunatic"); or from Villandry where, in 1189, a treaty of peace was signed between Philip Augustus and Richard Cœur de Lion and which was rebuilt in about 1540 in a superb Renaissance style. However, do not only visit the grand châteaux. Some of the most beautiful are the smaller gems, like the moated Château of Le Moulin, a charming fragment of a fortified manor house of old rose brick. If you want an eerie experience, go alone at two o'clock in the morning by moonlight up the broken stone stairway from the village square to the castle of Luynes, with its four great towers looming over the valley, where the nightjars may be heard in the trees beside the empty moat and the grass shivers in the moonlight as a snake slips across your path as you approach the dark shadows of the arches under the drawbridge. Luynes is the classic type of mediæval fortress, dominating its village in the valley below, with its four majestic towers and its moat, now dry. It has remained in the ownership and occupation of

[Continued below.]



GIVEN TO DIANE DE POITIERS IN EXCHANGE FOR CHENONCEAUX: THE CHÂTEAU OF CHAUMONT, PART OF WHICH DATES FROM THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

Continued.

the family of its present owner, the Duc de Luynes, for centuries. Above all, read the history of the Loire Valley, so that when you visit Amboise you may recall the treachery with which the Huguenots were massacred; or take part, in your mind's eye, in the revels of Catherine de Medici and her "*Escadron Volant*" of attractive young women at Chenonceaux, from which she had abruptly expelled Diane de Poitiers as soon as King Henri was dead, with the sly comment, "*Je lis dans les histoires de ce royaume que des putains ont parfois dirigé les affaires du roi.*" But she gave to Diane, in exchange for Chenonceaux, the Château of Chaumont, overlooking the Loire; itself no mean abode.



SHOWING THE LOGIS DU ROI, THE PRINCIPAL PORTION OF THE CHÂTEAU: A VIEW OF LOCHES.



OF THE SEVEN UNIQUE PLASTERED SKULLS FOUND AT JERICHO, THIS IS THE ONLY ONE IN WHICH INSET COWRIE SHELLS ARE USED TO REPRESENT THE EYES.

THE EARLIEST DIRECT ANCESTORS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN SCULPTURE:

A UNIQUE DISCOVERY—THE
7000-YEAR-OLD PLASTERED
SKULL PORTRAITS OF
NEOLITHIC JERICHO.

AS reported in our issue of April 18, during the later stages of the second year's work at Jericho by the British School of Archaeology at Jerusalem and the American School of Oriental Studies at Jerusalem, under the direction of Miss Kathleen Kenyon, seven remarkable skulls were found at a level which is tentatively dated to about 5000 B.C. These skulls, five of which we show on this page in colour, had plaster modelled on to the bone in vivid representation of the features. Moreover, as Miss Kenyon writes in her

(Continued below.)



THE FIRST OF THE SEVEN SKULLS TO BE FOUND: IT WAS INVESTIGATED ALMOST BY CHANCE JUST BEFORE THE SEASON'S EXCAVATION CAME TO ITS CLOSE.



THE MOST REMARKABLE OF THE MOULDED SKULLS AS IT WAS FOUND—A THING OF BEAUTY AND ONE WHICH GIVES A MOST VIVID IMPRESSION OF THE MAN WHO DIED SOME 7000 YEARS AGO. TO LEFT AND RIGHT OF IT CAN BE SEEN PARTS OF TWO OTHER SIMILAR SKULLS WITH MOULDED FEATURES OF PLASTER.

(Continued.)

article elsewhere in this issue: "The contours of the faces are delicately rounded, the features small and fine, with the detail of the nostrils, ears, eyelids and mouths faithfully executed." Furthermore, as the photographs reveal, it seems quite clear that these are accurate portraits of the dead with marked individual characteristics; and not in any way formal or stylised heads. As Miss Kenyon continues: "The eyes are inset with shells, in one case cowries, the rest with rounded shells, always in two segments, with a vertical slit to represent the pupils. One feels as one looks at them that one really is looking at the faces of men who died 7000 years ago. These heads are the earliest known examples of naturalistic plastic representation of the human features which can be claimed as the direct ancestors of modern art. The great art of the Palaeolithic period has no direct descendant. But from the art of Neolithic Jericho the tradition descends through ancient Sumer and Egypt to the art of the Greeks and thence to modern Europe. The skill of the artist we can see for ourselves, but at the motive we can only guess." The skulls were found in a sill below a floor belonging to a pre-pottery period—a curious reflection on the seniority of an advanced art form over an elementary utilitarian technique.



THE TOPS OF THE SKULLS ARE NOT COVERED WITH PLASTER, BUT THIS ONE CARRIES TRANSVERSE BANDS OF BLACKISH PAINT, PERHAPS REPRESENTING A HEAD-DRESS.



TRACES OF PINKISH PAINT SURVIVE FAIRLY WELL ON THIS SKULL; AND IT IS CLEAR FROM THIS AND OTHER EVIDENCE THAT THE PLASTER FEATURES WERE ENHANCED WITH PAINT.

MANKIND'S EARLIEST WALLED TOWN: UNCOVERING THE WALLS AND TOWERS OF JERICHO FROM NEOLITHIC TIMES TO THE SACK OF JOSHUA.

By KATHLEEN M. KENYON, D.Litt., F.S.A., Director of the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem.

(The excavations at Jericho were undertaken by the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem and the American School of Oriental Research. Grants towards the cost were made by a number of British universities and museums, and the Director received a Research Grant from the Leverhulme Trust. A previous article on the subject appeared in our issue of October 3.)

AS one flies over the modern oasis of Jericho, one realises why it was an important site for many thousands of years (Fig. 1). The oasis stands out as a patch of brilliant green in the dazzling whiteness of the rest of the Jordan Valley. Its luxuriant vegetation is nourished by a perennial spring which wells out at the foot of the mound which marks the site of the ancient city, and which was the reason why man first settled there some 7000 years ago. One also realises the strategic importance of the site. To the east, the rolling plains of Transjordan merge into the great Arabian Desert, inhabited through the centuries by nomadic bands who have continually cast covetous eyes upon the fertile fringes of which Palestine forms part. From time to time, waves of these nomads have erupted into the settled lands, and to such invaders seeking to enter Palestine from the east, Jericho would have formed the first obstacle, lying across the easiest route from a major ford across the Jordan up one of the few valleys which give good access through the rugged wall of the mountains of Judah. The attack on Jericho by the Israelites under Joshua must have been only one of many such incidents in its history.

The excavations of the ancient site, the second season in the most recent campaign of which has just been completed, have illustrated both these aspects of its history, its importance as a site of early settlement, and the attention its inhabitants had to give to its defences.

The very great antiquity of the settlement at Jericho was first discovered by Professor Garstang, of Liverpool University, in 1935, and the present expedition has considerably extended the scope of his discoveries. It was in the Near East that early man, who had previously lived a precarious existence as a hunter and food-gatherer, first began to experiment in agriculture and stock-breeding, which alone made settled life possible. Such experiments are of very great interest to us, for from these beginnings all our modern civilisation is derived. The discoveries at Jericho suggest that here was one of the places in which settlement first took place, at a date which may be about 5000 B.C.

Professor Garstang reached the level of the very early occupation at the north-east end of the mound (Fig. 4). The present excavations have discovered similar buildings at a distance of about 400 ft. away, in the centre of the west side. The houses are solidly built, of hand-made bricks, on which the maker had impressed his thumbs in a herring-bone pattern to provide a keying for the mortar. Doorways are wide, rooms are rectangular and of comfortable size. Floors and walls are covered with a fine, highly-burnished plaster, so hard that even to-day it can be scrubbed with water to restore its freshness (Fig. 5). Such architecture is in no way primitive. Yet the period is so early that the method of making pottery, one of the first inventions of settled man, had not yet been discovered, and utensils were still of stone, presumably supplemented by perishable materials such as skin and wood. This very rapid development of an advanced architecture indicates how quickly settled life must have sprung up at Jericho, presumably since the abundant water supply assured the success of the early experiments in agriculture.

Evidence is just beginning to appear of the first stages in the growth of architecture. Bed-rock has so far only been reached in a very small area. Here,

the first buildings were of curvilinear plan, probably representing the translation into mud-brick of the temporary shelters and tents of the nomadic predecessors of the first settlers (Fig. 9).

The evidence suggests that development from this stage to that of the more advanced architecture was rapid. More interesting still is the evidence of the development of these early settlers into a true community. Over the debris of the early houses was built a massive wall. Only a short length of this wall has so far been traced, for it lies at a depth of about 25 ft. from the surface, but it has every appearance

Such a wall can only have been constructed by an organised community, for its building, with stones up to 4 ft. by 3 ft. across the face, transported from the mountains a mile or so away, was a formidable undertaking.

The most remarkable discovery concerning the progress of these early people came at the very end of the second season's work (Colour Plate). A portion of a skull was visible in the edge of one of the areas excavated, lying beneath one of the typical plastered floors. When it was cleared, it was found to have modelled on it in plaster an amazingly lifelike representation of the features. Moreover, when it was removed, in the cavity behind two more were visible. Three more appeared behind these, and yet a seventh behind them. They lay in a tumbled heap, discarded when a new house was built, and some were damaged by this rough treatment. But they are well enough preserved to give us a vivid impression of the artistic powers of this astonishing people. The contours of the faces are delicately rounded, the features small and fine, with the detail of the nostrils, ears, eyelids and mouths faithfully executed. The tops of the skulls are left uncovered, but one has on it broad bands of dark paint, possibly representing a head-dress. The eyes are inset with shells, in one case cowries, the rest with rounded shells, always in two segments, with a vertical slit to represent the pupils. One feels as one looks at them that one really is looking at the faces of men who died 7000 years ago.

These heads are the earliest known examples of naturalistic plastic representation of the human features which can be claimed as the direct ancestors of modern art. The great art of the Palaeolithic period has no direct descendant. But from the art of Neolithic Jericho the tradition descends through ancient Sumer and Egypt to the art of the Greeks and thence to modern Europe. The skill of the

artist we can see for ourselves, but at the motive we can only guess. Modern anthropological parallels would suggest that he may have been attempting to preserve the features of venerated ancestors. Alternatively, the heads may have been those of enemies preserved as trophies. The manifest care devoted to the modelling rather favours the first alternative.

The Neolithic period is only one page in the history of Jericho. This phase before the invention of pottery was succeeded by another, still Neolithic, in which pottery appears. Then, about 3100 B.C., begins the great stage of urban development in the Early Bronze Age. The finds for this period emphasize the strategic importance of the site. The mound formed by the debris of the early occupation was encircled by a great wall of mud-brick. This wall was strengthened by semi-circular external towers, the earliest of the type yet discovered (Fig. 10). The wall was, however, only the first of many. It was clearly destroyed by earthquake, for wherever it has been cleared, it is found collapsed down the surface of the mound (Fig. 6). In the course of the thousand years of the Early Bronze Age, the wall had to be rebuilt or repaired no fewer than seventeen times, sometimes, no doubt, destroyed again by earthquake, sometimes by enemies.

The last destruction was the most violent of the lot. A hurriedly rebuilt wall is found all over the mound, utterly destroyed by fire. Its destruction is marked by the appearance of a new people, with poor architecture, new pottery, new weapons and new burial customs, whose lack of interest in urban development is shown by the way in which the settlement sprawls down the slopes of the mound, and over the surrounding hills. Clearly we have here evidence of one of the nomadic incursions from the desert, probably that of the Amorites.

The mound is next again fortified in the Middle Bronze Age, when a new and much more civilised people appears, again with new pottery, weapons and burial customs, the last of which are illustrated in a previous article (October 3) in this journal. The defensive system is also quite new. The foot of the wall is defended by a great, sloping ramp (Figs. 7 and 8). Three successive stages of this were found, the first two with steep, plastered surface, the latest massively built in stone. This method of defence may well be a counter to the chariot warfare introduced by the Hyksos.

Of the buildings of the interior of the town, much has been lost by erosion. Only on the east side do

[Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 1. "AS ONE FLIES OVER THE MODERN OASIS OF JERICHO, ONE REALISES WHY IT WAS AN IMPORTANT SITE FOR MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS. THE OASIS STANDS OUT AS A PATCH OF BRILLIANT GREEN IN THE DAZZLING WHITENESS OF THE REST OF THE JORDAN VALLEY." The spring of Jericho, welling out from the foot of the mound which marks the site of the ancient city, waters a fertile oasis, full of palm trees (Jericho is known as the "City of the Palm Trees") and banana groves. In the background can be seen the mountains of Moab and Gilead, which form the eastern boundary of the Valley of the Jordan.



FIG. 2. SIEVING OUT THE CALCINED GRAIN FOUND IN STORAGE JARS, DATING FROM THE SACK OF THE CITY c. 1560 B.C. (SEE FIG. 3.)



FIG. 3. MIDDLE BRONZE AGE JERICHO WAS OVER-RUN ABOUT 1560 B.C. BY THE EGYPTIANS, MOST PROBABLY WHEN THEY DROVE OUT THE HYKSOS; AND STORE-ROOMS SUCH AS THIS WERE SACKED AND BURNED. THESE JARS WERE FOUND TO BE FULL OF CALCINED GRAIN. (SEE FIG. 2.)

of being an enclosure wall, and may well be the town wall of the earliest inhabitants (Fig. 9). Jericho can thus claim to be by far the oldest town in the world.

THE WALLS AND TOWERS OF JERICHO, IN THE MILLENNIA BEFORE JOSHUA.

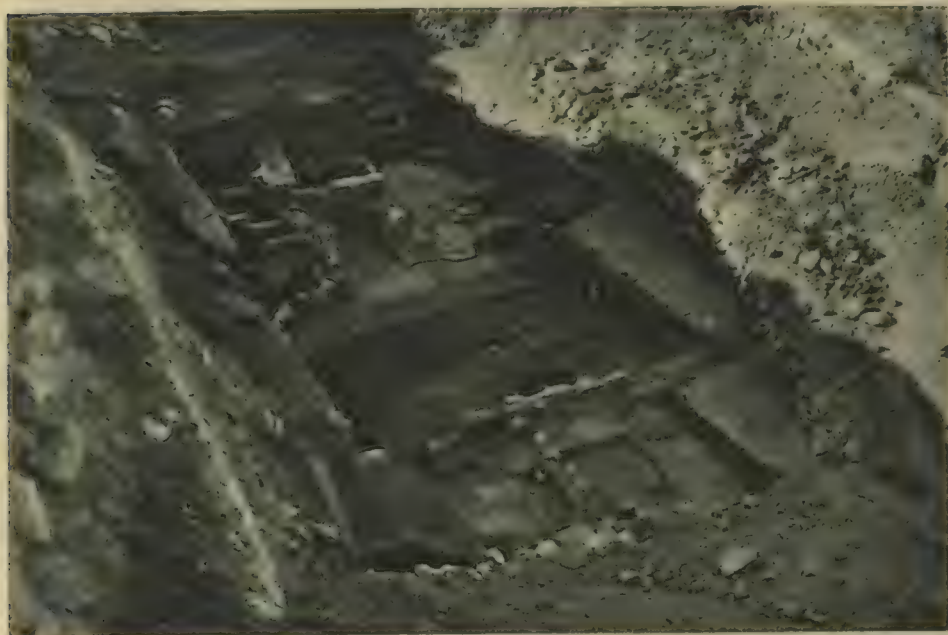


FIG. 4. EXTENDING THE EXCAVATIONS AT THE NORTH-EAST END OF THE TELL: IN THE CENTRE, A COURTYARD WITH STORAGE PITS AND HEARTHES; BEHIND, A SOLIDLY-BUILT NEOLITHIC HOUSE, WITH ANOTHER IN THE FOREGROUND.



FIG. 5. THE NEOLITHIC HOUSES OF JERICHO ARE EXTREMELY WELL BUILT, WITH SOLID WALLS AND FLOORS WHICH WERE COVERED WITH HARD, POLISHED LIME-PLASTER.



FIG. 6. IN THE EARLY BRONZE AGE THE WALLS WERE DESTROYED BY EARTHQUAKE. AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS PIT CAN BE SEEN A FALLEN WALL, WITH (LEFT) A NEWER, RECONSTRUCTED WALL.

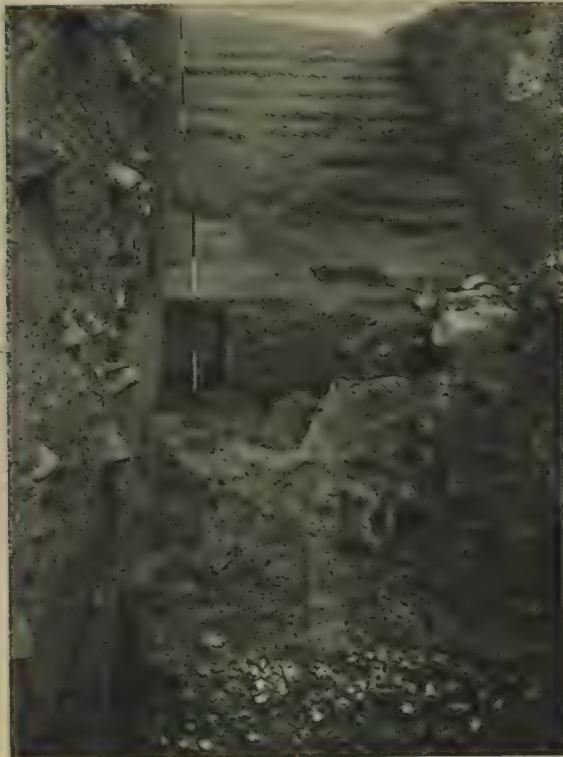


FIG. 7. THE SLOPING RAMP WALLS, WHICH WERE BUILT BETWEEN 1900 AND 1560 B.C., DESIGNED PRESUMABLY TO KEEP CHARIOTS AT A DISTANCE FROM THE ACTUAL CITY WALL.



FIG. 8. THE THREE MEN ARE STANDING ON SUCCESSIVE STAGES OF THE RAMP WALL; THE UPPER TWO ON EARLY PLASTERED RAMPS, THE LOWER ON A STONE REVETMENT. IN THE FOREGROUND A HOUSE OF c. 700 B.C.



FIG. 9. THE WALLS OF JERICHO ARE SO EARLY AS TO JUSTIFY THE CLAIM THAT IT IS THE OLDEST TOWN. EVEN EARLIER (LEFT) ARE CURVED BUILDINGS IMITATING TENTS.

Continued. buildings of the Middle Bronze Age survive. Here again was found evidence of the many destructions which the city suffered. A series of storerooms has been excavated (Figs. 2 and 3), in which great grain jars were still in position buried beneath the burnt debris of the rooms in which they stood. Three bushels of calcined grain were sieved out of the ashes of one room. This destruction probably marks the reconquest of Palestine by the Egyptians in about 1560 B.C., after the expulsion of the Hyksos. The erosion which has removed the later



FIG. 10. A SEMI-CIRCULAR TOWER, EXTERIOR TO THE MAIN WALL, OF THE EARLY BRONZE AGE—CERTAINLY THE EARLIEST SO FAR DISCOVERED IN THE NEAR EAST.

buildings over most of the Tell has also unfortunately removed, in the area excavated by the present expedition, all trace of the walls of the period of Joshua, which must date somewhere between 1400 and 1250 B.C. The abandonment of the site for 500 years after its sack by the Israelites, so graphically described in the Bible, enabled natural agencies to obliterate its ruins, while man dug into them to obtain building materials for other sites. Ancient Jericho from then on ceased to be a city.

BRITISH GUIANA: PERSONALITIES OF THE CRISIS, MEN AND NAVAL VESSELS INVOLVED.



DR. CHEDDI JAGAN, PRIME MINISTER OF BRITISH GUIANA: A DENTIST, OF INDIAN EXTRACTION.



THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL CHAMBER IN GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA: THE P.P.P. (PEOPLE'S PROGRESSIVE PARTY) HOLD 18 SEATS IN A HOUSE OF 27.



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR W. ANDREWES, WHO SAILED IN H.M.S. *Superb* TO GEORGETOWN.



MRS. JANET JAGAN, SECRETARY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY P.P.P.: AMERICAN-BORN.



SIR ALFRED SAVAGE, THE GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, BRITISH GUIANA.



H.M.S. *SUPERB*, THE 8000-TON CRUISER WHICH WAS THE PRINCIPAL UNIT TO BRING 500 MEN OF THE ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS TO GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA.



MEN OF THE ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS EMBARKING AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA, IN THE CRUISER H.M.S. *SUPERB*, FOR TRANSPORT TO GEORGETOWN, CAPITAL OF BRITISH GUIANA.



H.M.S. *IMPLACABLE*, THE 28,000-TON FLEET AIRCRAFT CARRIER, AT DEVONPORT, TO EMBARK THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS FOR BRITISH GUIANA.

On October 6, after several days of officially unconfirmed reports of threatened disorders in British Guiana and naval and military movements in the Caribbean, the Colonial Office issued a statement to the effect that disappointing and anxious conditions in British Guiana since the new constitution was brought into force (April this year) had caused the Government serious concern; and that it was evident that the intrigues of Communists and their associates, some in Ministerial posts, threatened the welfare of the Colony. It was later stated that among the people suspected of Communist affiliations and intentions were the Prime Minister, Dr. Jagan, his American-born wife, Mrs. Janet Jagan, secretary of the People's

Progressive Party, Mr. Rory Westmaas, vice-president of the P.P.P., and Mr. Sidney King, a Minister of the Government. Accordingly, about 500 officers and men of The Royal Welch Fusiliers have been sent to Georgetown in H.M.S. *Superb*, with the frigates *Bigbury Bay* and *Burghead Bay*; and the 1st Bn. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders were expected to leave England in H.M.S. *Implacable* on October 10 to reinforce them. When The Royal Welch Fusiliers landed at Georgetown on October 8 they took over patrolling and guard duties in the capital's streets. On October 9 the U.K. Government decided to suspend the constitution of British Guiana to prevent Communist subversion.

A REMOTE BRITISH COLONY WHICH IS THREATENED BY COMMUNISTS: BRITISH GUIANA—SCENES IN THE CAPITAL CITY OF GEORGETOWN.



WHERE THE POORER INHABITANTS OF GEORGETOWN LIVE: SHACKS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN; THEY ARE BUILT ON PILES AS A PROTECTION AGAINST FLOODING.



IN GEORGETOWN, THE CAPITAL OF BRITAIN'S ONLY COLONY ON THE SOUTH AMERICAN MAINLAND: THE VICTORIA LAW COURTS AND TOWN HALL (BACKGROUND).



DIAMOND PROSPECTORS WORKING ON THE MAZARUNI RIVER. THE COLONY IS RICH IN MANY KINDS OF PRECIOUS AND SEMI-PRECIOUS STONES.



OUTSIDE THE LAW COURTS IN GEORGETOWN: A STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA. THE LAW COURTS DATE FROM THE 1880'S.



KNOWN DURING THE DUTCH OCCUPATION AS STABROEK: GEORGETOWN, WHICH RECEIVED ITS PRESENT NAME IN 1812; A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING THE SPIRE OF THE TOWN HALL (LEFT).



FROM THE CITY CENTRE: A GENERAL VIEW OF GEORGETOWN, THE STREETS BEING BORDERED



TOWN, WHICH STILL RETAINS ITS DUTCH CHARACTER, WITH CANALS LINED WITH TREES.



GEORGETOWN FROM THE WATERFRONT. THE MUD SWEPT DOWN FROM THE JUNGLES BY THE BIG RIVERS DEPRIVES THE CITY OF A GOOD BATHING BEACH. THE CAPITAL LACKS MODERN BUILDINGS.



HOUSES OF THE BETTER-CLASS NEGROES ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF GEORGETOWN. THE TOWN IS INTERSECTED BY CANALS.



SHADED BY A CENTRAL AVENUE OF FINE TREES: THE MAIN RESIDENTIAL STREET OF GEORGETOWN. THE LEADING HOTEL, "THE PARK," IS ON THE RIGHT.



THE VICTORIA ALAMEDA: GEORGETOWN'S MAIN RESIDENTIAL STREET, SHOWING SOME OF THE DAZZLINGLY WHITE WOODEN HOUSES, WHICH ARE ROOFED WITH GREY SHINGLES.



THE LARGEST WATER-LILY IN THE WORLD: THE VICTORIA REGIA, FIRST DISCOVERED GROWING IN BRITISH GUIANA DURING QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN.

On another page in this issue we describe the events which have led up to the dispatch of British warships and troops to British Guiana, a remote part of the British Commonwealth which has suddenly become a subject of international interest. This 83,000-square-mile Colony, which covers an area larger than England and Wales, and has barely 500,000 inhabitants, is Britain's only colony on the South

American mainland. It is situated on the north-east coast of South America, on the Atlantic Ocean, with Surinam on the east, Venezuela on the west and Brazil on the south and west. British Guiana, including the counties of Demerara, Essequibo and Berbice, named from the three rivers, was first partially settled by the Dutch West India Company in about 1620. The Dutch retained their hold

until 1796, when it was captured by the English, and was finally ceded to Great Britain in 1814. Vast equatorial forests cover nearly 85 per cent. of the country, much of which is still unexplored, although there are rich deposits of gold, diamonds, bauxite and other valuable commodities. The main export of the Colony is sugar, and recently rice has also been successfully grown. Of the inhabitants only a few

thousand are white, the rest being Amerindians, East Indians, Chinese, Eurasians and West Indians. The capital is Georgetown, illustrated on these pages, which still retains its Dutch character, its streets being bordered by canals lined with trees and palms. It has very few modern buildings; most of the houses are constructed of wood.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE HARVEST OF THE HARVESTMEN.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

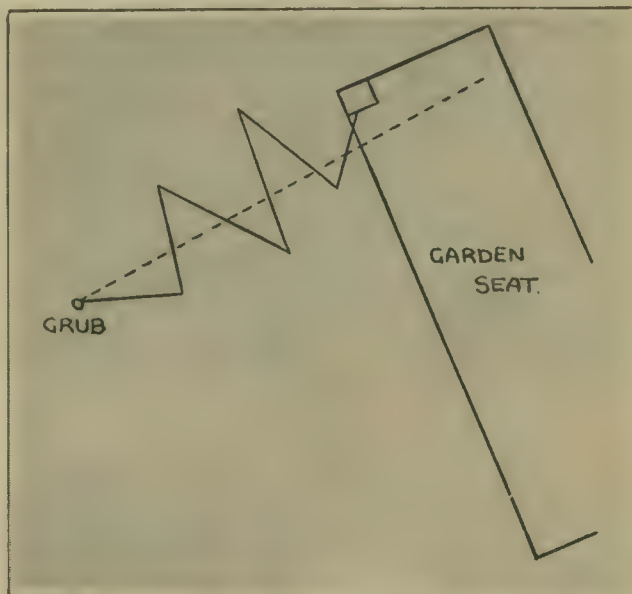
IT was a simple and commonplace event, but with an interesting sequel. The scene was a garden, with a lady sitting in a deck-chair placed near a large garden seat, behind which was a rockery. The time was September, a warm, sunny day, and a little girl was foraging, idly and inquisitively as children will. Turning over a stone at the edge of a border, she found a large white grub, nearly 2 ins. long. She bore her treasure, as children will, to her older companion, whose immediate reaction was to throw it on the ground and put her shoe on it, as adults will. And there the matter could have rested but for the harvesters.

In a very short time, a matter of minutes at the most, a daddy-long-legs emerged from under the leg of the garden seat, at a point some 4 ft. from the crushed carcass of the grub. With quick movements it ran obliquely 4 ins. to the left, paused, ran obliquely 4 ins. to the right, paused, ran to the left, then to the right, tacking to within a foot of the carcass. Then it ran straight for it and, with few preliminaries, settled itself in the middle of the crushed remains and started to feed. Very soon after this, another daddy-long-legs emerged from under the garden seat; but this one ran straight for the carcass. Meeting its fellow, the two engaged in what appeared to be a fight for the possession of the spoils, but after a brief skirmish, a confused affair of thrust and parry with the long legs, they settled down, as if by agreement, to share a feast which was more than sufficient for the two—so why fight over it? Whatever may have been the appearances, or the interpretation one may choose to place on their actions, there was more than a hint that it was a matter of armed neutrality and no more. All the time they were feeding, one at each end of the carcass, the ends of the second pair of legs of the one were delicately poised against the ends of the corresponding second pair of legs of the other.

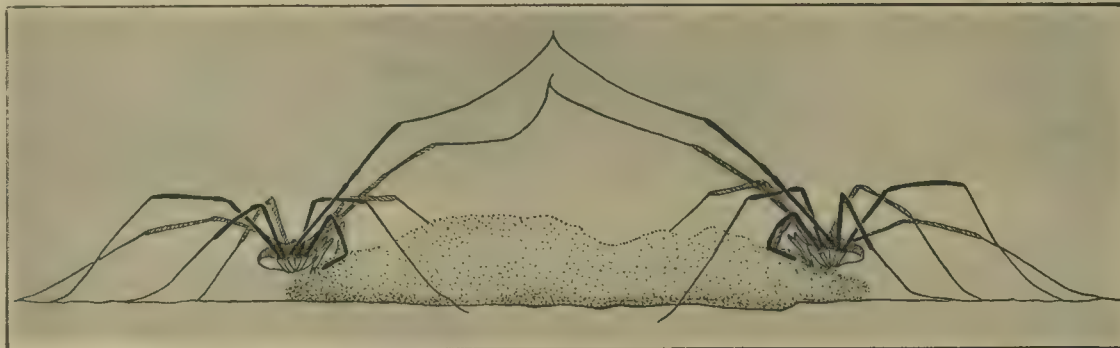
Daddy-long-legs, father-long-legs, harvester, harvest spider, shepherd spider, carter spider, harvestman, and, in France, *faucheur* (reaper), are alternative names for these long-legged spiders forming the order Opiliones of the phylum Arachnida. Between them the names recall the three outstanding features of the spiders—their long legs, their occurrence in grasslands, and the fact that they are most noticeable in the autumn (or harvest-time). Even the name of the order itself shows the same connection, being derived from the Latin, *opilio*, for a shepherd. Opiliones, or harvesters, are common throughout the world, twenty-one species being found in the British Isles. Their compact bodies are never brightly coloured but are beautifully sculptured and ornamented with spines and tubercles. Two eyes, prominent under a magnifying glass, lie a little way back on the upper surface, and in front of them are the openings from a pair of glands said to emit a noxious fluid used in defence. The odour from these would appear to be not perceptible to the human nostrils, and the wide range of enemies suggests that they are not particularly effective as a means of defence.

The most conspicuous feature of the Opiliones, and at the same time the most interesting, are the long legs. They serve as an efficient means of locomotion and also as sense-organs. All the legs are used as organs of touch. This is very obvious when a harvester is enclosed within a glass-topped box, and the creature can be seen exploring its prison, and especially the narrow gap between the lid and the box proper. The second pair must combine more senses than those of touch. In the normal way, as the harvester moves, these two legs are held aloft and delicately waved about in the manner of an insect's antennae.

The very delicacy of the movement suggests that they carry a sense of smell. What further senses



ILLUSTRATING THE PECULIAR BEHAVIOUR OF TWO DADDY-LONG-LEGS, OR HARVESTMEN, DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE: A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE GARDEN SEAT AND OF THE CRUSHED GRUB, TOGETHER WITH THE ROUTES TAKEN BY THE TWO HARVESTMEN—THAT OF THE SECOND BEING MARKED BY A DOTTED LINE.



IN A STATE OF ARMED NEUTRALITY: TWO HARVESTMEN AFTER A PRELIMINARY SKIRMISH SETTLING DOWN TO FEED AT OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE CRUSHED DÉBRIS OF AN INSECT GRUB—THROUGHOUT THE FEEDING THE TIPS OF THEIR SENSITIVE LEGS WERE IN CONTACT AS IF TO KEEP A CHECK ON EACH OTHER'S INTENTIONS. (Drawings by Jane Burton.)



NOT ONLY MOST EFFICIENT ORGANS OF LOCOMOTION BUT, IN ADDITION, ORGANS SENSITIVE TO TOUCH: THE LEGS OF THE HARVESTMAN, OR DADDY-LONG-LEGS; THE SECOND PAIR ARE HIGHLY SENSITIZED AND ARE HABITUALLY HELD ALOFT, APPEARING TO FUNCTION IN THE MANNER OF AN INSECT'S ANTENNAE.

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they may have, and how they are used, there is little information to be obtained. Reverting to the garden scene, it is interesting to recall the manner of approach of the first harvester to the dead grub: the attraction over a distance of 4 ft., the cautious searching approach, as if making sure that the object was edible and non-belligerent, and the final dash when the sense-organs had signalled the all-clear. And this can be contrasted with the rapid and direct approach of the second harvester, which, while it may be no more than a coincidence, could suggest a fineness of perception revealing to the animal that not only was food present, but one of its kind had already reached it. If this has the appearance of reading too much into a single event, there is also the attitude adopted towards each other while feeding. To say the least, there was the appearance that through the delicate tips of these second pairs of legs, each was in complete communication with the other's mood and intention. Are we justified in suggesting, even tentatively, this much? Cannibalism is not unknown among them and such measures may be normal defensive precautions. Even if this were not so, other of their actions indicate that their behaviour follows the same lines of many other animals. There is the aggressive display when two meet; the dog-in-the-manger attitude over food. The two even cleaned themselves fastidiously after they had finished eating, and before retiring into the shadow of the garden seat.

We can do no more than speculate, for little enough is known of these animals. Probably most of

us know no more of them than that they throw off their legs to escape, and that these legs go on twitching for some time after. Such is the paucity of our knowledge that it is only within recent years that their food and enemies have been studied. W. S. Bristowe and J. P. H. Sankey, independently and almost simultaneously, looked into these. They found that harvesters feed on earthworms, millipedes, centipedes, insects, spiders, mites and the carrion of such

things as mole, vole, rabbit, rat, and birds. In other words, a wide choice of diet. The list of their enemies bears a strong resemblance to the list of things upon which they have been seen feeding: centipedes, insects, spiders, birds and mammals, as well as lizards, toads and frogs. Even such large mammals as fox, badger and hedgehog were seen to take them.

In any case, the adults die off with the approach of winter, rarely over-wintering, after the females have laid their eggs, in cocoons, in crevices, in bark, under stones or in the ground.

Bristowe has also given us a history of the names of these spiders. According to him, "Harvestmen were known as 'shepherd spiders' four centuries ago, and Dr. T. Muffett (who completed the manuscript of his book in 1589) explained this by saying, 'The English call it Shepherd either because it is pleased with the Company of Sheep or because Shepherds think those fields that are full of them to be good wholesome Sheep-pasture....'" There is an old Essex superstition that it was unlucky for a reaper to kill one on purpose, from the belief that the harvestman helped farmers with a scythe, rake and sickle, which it is supposed to possess. Bristowe also found no mention of the name "harvestman" prior to the early part of the nineteenth century.

In captivity, harvesters soon die if not provided with water. Given a supply, they drink a surprisingly large quantity relatively to the small size of the body. This may be related to a high rate of metabolism, for Dr. Hooke, in 1658, calculated that "an hundred and fifty times the strength of a man would not keep the body from falling on the breast"—if his body were of similar design and his legs of comparable length.

THE PLATINUM METALS EXHIBITION.

PALLADIUM;
OR,
NEW SILVER,

Has these Properties amongst others that show it to be
A NEW NOBLE METAL.

1. It dissolves in pure Spirit of Nitre, and makes a dark red solution.
2. Green Vitriol throws it down in the state of a regulus from this solution, as it always does Gold from Aqua Regia.
3. If you evaporate the solution you get a red calx that dissolves in Spirit of Salt or other acids.
4. It is thrown down by quicksilver and by all the metals but Gold, Platinum, and Silver.
5. Its Specific Gravity by hammering was only 11.3, but by flattening as much as 11.9.
6. In a common fire the face of it tarnishes a little and turns blue, but comes bright again, like other noble metals on being stronger heated.
7. The greatest heat of a blacksmith's fire would hardly melt it.
8. But if you touch it while hot with a small bit of Sulphur it runs as easily as Zinc.

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THE CURIOUS METHOD EMPLOYED TO BRING THE DISCOVERY OF PALLADIUM TO PUBLIC NOTICE: ONE OF THE ANONYMOUS LEAFLETS DISTRIBUTED BY WOLLASTON IN 1803.



DESIGNED AND FABRICATED BY MR. R. E. STONE AND PRESENTED BY THE INSTITUTE OF METALLURGISTS TO H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET: A ROSE-BOWL IN THE PRECIOUS METAL PALLADIUM.

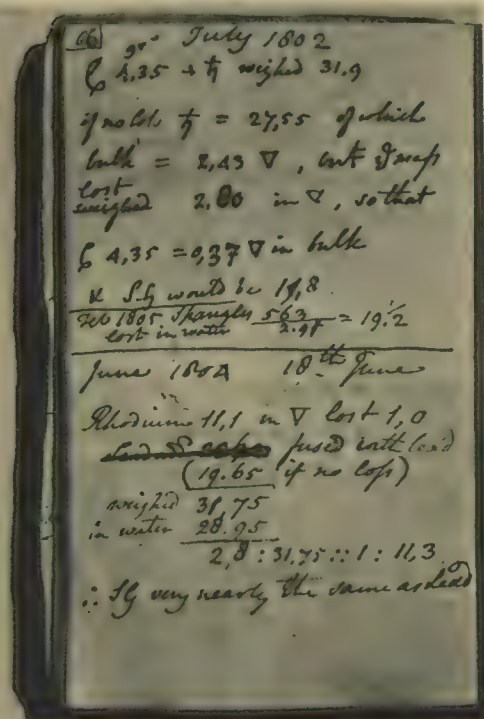


THE DISCOVERER OF PALLADIUM: WILLIAM HYDE WOLLASTON (1766-1828)—FROM A MEZZOTINT BY W. WARD, A.R.A.



A CONTEMPORARY DESIGN IN FINE JEWELLERY IN PALLADIUM AND DIAMONDS: THE NECKLACE OF THE CORONATION SUITE. (By courtesy of "The Watchmaker, Jeweller and Silversmith.")

THE "TRIPLE JUBILEE" OF A GREAT DISCOVERY.



A PAGE FROM ONE OF WOLLASTON'S NOTEBOOKS, SHOWING WHAT IS ALMOST CERTAINLY THE FIRST RECORD (JULY 1802) OF PALLADIUM AS "C."



THE BREANT CUP: AN EARLY EXAMPLE OF FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP IN PALLADIUM BY ROBERT BREANT, CHIEF ASSAYER TO THE PARIS MINT c. 1824. (Museum of the Paris Mint.)



A PLATINUM-RHODIUM GAUZE FOR A 3-METRE DIAMETER AMMONIA BURNER—SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY ACCOUNT FOR ABOUT 75 PER CENT. OF THE TOTAL USE OF PLATINUM METALS.

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh has arranged to open on October 19, at Grosvenor House, an exhibition which has been sponsored by the Institution of Metallurgists to mark the 150th anniversary of the discovery of the precious metal palladium by the English scientist William Hyde Wollaston. The exhibition will focus attention on the important part played by the six members of the platinum group of metals—platinum, palladium, rhodium, iridium, ruthenium and osmium—in modern industry and on the many-sided contribution which Wollaston made to the development of British science. It will be open to the public on October 22, 23 and 24. The exhibits, some of which are illustrated above, include historical material associated with Wollaston's discovery of palladium and its announcement by an anonymous handbill, his other work on the platinum metals and various



PRE-COLUMBIAN AND PROBABLY AT LEAST 1000 YEARS OLD: A PLATINUM NOSE-RING FROM THE HEADWATERS OF THE SAN JUAN RIVER, COLOMBIA. (Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York.)

specimens of outstanding historical or scientific interest associated with the development of the uses of the metals. Wollaston was the son of a Norfolk clergyman who attained some eminence as an astronomer. He took a medical degree at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. After practising in Huntingdon, Bury St. Edmund's and London, he gave up medicine to devote himself wholly to scientific studies. His work covered many fields—optics, acoustics, mineralogy, astronomy, physiology and chemistry—as well as metallurgy, and he was particularly skilful at contriving optical apparatus. The exhibition includes photographs of relics of native platinum and gold made by South American Indians before the discovery of America. These ornaments are in the possession of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A FEW days ago I had a visit from a nurseryman-friend. A very able and exceptionally erudite nurseryman. Fortunately, in spite of his horticultural and botanical erudition, he is reasonably hard-boiled. It's no use, if you are in commercial horticulture, flitting starry-eyed from one botanical absurdity to another and purveying plants which are so temperamental that they can only die on those who buy them.

In prowling round and round my rather untidy garden, however, I found one serious flaw in his judgment, and one sad lacuna in his knowledge. In a mixed border we came upon a wide patch of *Verbena corymbosa*, and to my astonishment he knew the plant but did not think much of it. Not "a nurseryman's plant"; too weedy. With that judgment I entirely and most emphatically disagree; not just because I happen to have collected it in South Chile and introduced it to cultivation, but because I have proved it to be a perfectly hardy herbaceous plant, which gives all the effect in the flower border of a patch of heliotrope—"Cherry Pie." It even smells like cherry pie, though the scent is less powerful. I have never yet met anyone who did not greatly like and admire "Cherry Pie." But unfortunately it is a tender plant, and must either be wintered in heat under glass or raised each year from seeds or cuttings, in heat under glass. This makes it rather a luxury plant. If you have no glass with artificial heat, you must buy fresh plants of "Cherry Pie" each spring to plant out for the summer.

Not so with *Verbena corymbosa*. It gives a colourable imitation of "Cherry Pie," which carries on year after year. My clump of it is now five years old, and seems to improve with age. But I can guess why my friend thinks this verbena too weedy to be a good nurseryman's plant. Grown in small pots crowded together in a nursery-bed, it is bound to look weedy and make no sort of a show. Grown thus, no customer would look at it twice, and that might well give the nurseryman a jaundiced view of the plant. A good bed of it planted out in nourishing soil would make a show fit for both nurserymen and customers to judge by, and would not only stimulate sales but supply all the cuttings that might be needed for raising stock.

I really can not allow my protégé to be misjudged and cried down like this. I shall send my friend a good batch of cuttings in the hope that he will follow my suggestions and profit accordingly in all senses of the word.

After the verbena episode we fetched up in the unheated, lean-to greenhouse, which, on account of the strange and unnatural experiments in plant breeding that go on there, has come to be called "the house of sin." There, basking against the back wall was a strawberry grape vine in full fruit. I gathered a bunch for my friend, feeling sure that he must know this variety. But no. At about the third berry he froze

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

and his eyes glittered with astonishment. "Gosh!" he exclaimed. "What a delicious flavour! What on earth is it?" "But surely you know the strawberry grape, don't you?" I asked. "Strawberry grape? Well, yes, of course I read your catalogue descriptions in the past, and various articles about it, but I always imagined that those descriptions were just a bit—"

so also that he might realise that all my eulogies of this wonderful little grape have been truthful and perfectly sincere.

I have written about the strawberry grape in a former article on this page, but I make no apology for writing about it again. I first read of this unique vine in an old pamphlet which I found in my copy of "Hogg's Fruit Manual." It was described as having small bunches of small, reddish-coloured berries with a strong and distinct flavour of strawberries. That was about 1941. I was extremely fortunate in finding a garden where this treasure still survived and in being given cuttings from which to raise stock. It turned out just as described in the pamphlet. At Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, it ripened on a brick wall in the open air in most seasons. On a tarred weatherboard shed it ripened in seasons when it just failed to ripen on a brick wall. In colder parts of the country, the Midlands and the North, it would be a safer proposition in an unheated greenhouse.

The vine itself is an extremely vigorous grower, and remarkably prolific. It is, I think, worth putting on record the performance of the specimen in my lean-to greenhouse, here in the Cotswolds. I planted it as a youngster from a 5-in. pot in the spring of 1951. That summer it threw up several 4- to 5-ft. stems. These I cut back hard, and in 1952 allowed only three stems to develop. They grew to a length of over 12 ft. Two of them I trained to wires along the back of the house, and the third I ran along under the glass, trained also to a wire. I shortened all three to a length of about 12 ft. This spring over 100 bunches were produced, and I allowed the vine to develop and ripen them all. This was perhaps a heavier crop than most conventional professional gardeners would have allowed. But the vine has shown no signs of exhaustion, and the grapes have ripened well, and are delightfully sweet, and full of their characteristic flavour. As to that flavour—of strawberry—there is no doubt about it. In almost every case, if a stranger is given a few to try, and asked what they taste of, the immediate answer is "Strawberries." Only very rarely is any other flavour suggested—fruit salad, perhaps, or very ripe gooseberry. These wild and wide shots are hard to account for. Perhaps it is that just as tastes differ, so, too, do people's sense of taste. To ninety-nine out of a hundred, however, it is strawberry,

without the slightest hesitation.

As to my friend having always imagined that my descriptions of the strawberry grape were extravagant, far-fetched, a case, perhaps, of overstrained salesmanship, it only emphasizes the truth of the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction. My scrupulously fair and truthful descriptions appear to have proved as hard to believe as if someone had deliberately set out to describe some wholly fictitious super-fruit.



PART OF THE STRAWBERRY VINE WHICH MR. ELLIOTT PLANTED AS A YOUNG PLANT IN 1951 IN A COLD LEAN-TO GREENHOUSE. IN 1952 THREE STEMS WERE ALLOWED TO DEVELOP, BUT NO FRUIT. THIS SUMMER ABOUT 100 BUNCHES WERE ALLOWED TO DEVELOP AND RIPEN.



AN ENLARGED DETAIL OF THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE: "THE GRAPES HAVE RIPENED WELL, AND ARE DELIGHTFULLY SWEET, AND FULL OF THEIR CHARACTERISTIC FLAVOUR"—STRAWBERRY.

Photographs by J. R. Jameson.

He got no further. It was obvious what he was about to say, and obviously he could not wrap it up in sugared tact. I saw that, and he saw that I saw. It was a near thing. He pulled up just in time, and so I did not have to take a flying kick at the location of the swallowed grapes. Instead, I let him get on with the rest of the bunch, so that his conversion to the delights and virtues of the strawberry grape might be complete (a single berry is usually enough); and

A TERRIBLE KIDNAPPING CRIME IN THE UNITED STATES: THE VICTIM AND ACCUSED IN THE GREENLEASE CASE.



ARRESTED IN CONNECTION WITH THE KIDNAPPING AND MURDER OF SIX-YEAR-OLD BOBBY GREENLEASE: CARL AUSTIN HALL AND MRS. BONNIE BROWN HEADY.



DIGGING OPERATIONS IN THE GARDEN OF MRS. BONNIE BROWN HEADY AT ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI: THE SCENE BEFORE THE FINDING OF THE BODY OF THE MURDERED CHILD.



CONTAINING PART OF THE £214,000 RANSOM MONEY PAID BY MR. ROBERT GREENLEASE AND RECOVERED BY THE F.B.I.: SEALED CASES.



AFTER THE FUNERAL: MR. AND MRS. ROBERT GREENLEASE WITH THEIR DAUGHTER VIRGINIA SUE AND AN ADOPTED SON, PAUL. THE REV. H. J. KOCH IS ON THE LEFT.



THE POINT AT WHICH THE RANSOM MONEY WAS, ACCORDING TO THE DEMAND, TOSSED OVER THE BRIDGE ON OCTOBER 4. THE CRIMINALS THEN RETRIEVED THE BAGS.

The kidnapping and murder of six-year-old Bobby Greenlease, son of Mr. Robert Greenlease, one of the richest men in Kansas City, and of Mrs. Greenlease, is one of the most callous crimes on record. The child was taken from a private school by a woman posing as his aunt. On the same day the parents received a letter, apparently in Bobby's handwriting, telling them to put the ransom (£214,000) in ten- and twenty-dollar banknotes in an Army kitbag and throw it over a bridge between Kansas City and St. Joseph on Sunday, October 4. This was done; and a telephone message was received promising that a telegram would be sent indicating where Bobby would be found. This never came. St. Louis police



THE VICTIM OF A CALLOUS AND BRUTAL CRIME: SIX-YEAR-OLD BOBBY GREENLEASE, WHO WAS KIDNAPPED AND MURDERED; WITH HIS FATHER, MR. ROBERT GREENLEASE.

took into custody an ex-convict, Carl Austin Hall, who was spending freely; and under questioning it was stated that he admitted planning the crime and collecting the ransom. He implicated Mrs. Heady, in whose garden the child's body was found, and a man named Thomas John Marsh, who he stated was left with the boy, who was later found dead. Part of the ransom and a pistol were found in Hall's hotel bedroom. Mrs. Heady stated that Hall told her he was once married to Mrs. Greenlease and that Bobby was his son; and that she was unaware that she had been involved in a kidnapping. Marsh, an ex-convict, was, at the time of writing, being sought by the police.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND OCCASIONS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MISS KATHLEEN FERRIER.

Died on October 8, aged forty-one. Miss Ferrier, the contralto, took up singing professionally after winning a festival contest. She made her debut in "The Messiah," in Westminster Abbey, in 1943. She sang at all the Edinburgh Festivals except the last, and at Continental festivals and Glyndebourne. Her last appearance was as Orpheus at Covent Garden in February.



SIR JOHN KOTELAWALA.

Deputy Premier of Ceylon who, on October 12, accepted Lord Soulbury's invitation to form a Government, after the resignation, because of ill-health, of the Prime Minister, Mr. Dudley Senanayake. Sir John Kotelawala is propaganda chief of the United National Party, the Government Party; and leader of the House of Representatives.



MR. NIGEL BRUCE.

Died at Santa Monica, California, on October 8, aged fifty-eight. An actor best known for his portrayal of Dr. Watson in many films based on the Sherlock Holmes stories, he had considerable stage experience in London before making his screen debut in 1931. He had lived in the U.S.A. since 1934.



LORD STRABOLGI.

Died suddenly on October 8, aged sixty-seven. As Commander Kenworthy, R.N., he was M.P. for Central Hull from 1919-31. After sitting for seven years as a Liberal he was re-elected as a Socialist. In 1934 he succeeded his father as tenth Baron; and was Socialist Chief Whip in the House of Lords from 1938-42.



THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Found dead near his home at Endsleigh, near Tavistock, on October 11 after being missing for fifty-four hours; he was sixty-four. He succeeded his father as twelfth Duke in 1940 and was one of Britain's greatest landowners. Although unconventional, and an exponent of unpopular views, he will perhaps be longer remembered as a notable naturalist and an ardent ornithologist.



WITH THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL: MEMBERS OF THE INTERIM GOVERNMENT OF THE FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND. The first photograph of members of the interim Government of the Central African Federation shows (l. to r.) Sir Roy Welensky (Minister of Transport and Development); Sir Godfrey Huggins (Prime Minister and Minister of Finance, External Affairs and Defence); Lord Llewellyn (the Governor-General), and Sir Malcolm Barrow (Minister of Internal Affairs). On September 7 Sir Godfrey Huggins resigned after twenty years as Premier of Southern Rhodesia.



RADIO OFFICER

DAVID BROADFOOT, G.C.

Posthumously awarded the George Cross for his heroism in remaining at his post and sending out messages until the ferry-ship *Princess Victoria* sank off the Irish coast on January 31, with the loss of 133 lives. The official citation states: "He deliberately sacrificed his own life in an attempt to save others." Radio Officer Broadfoot, who was fifty-three, lived at Stranraer.



IN THE LONG GALLERY OF HAREWOOD HOUSE: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL WITH TWO OF HER THREE GRANDCHILDREN. Our photograph shows the Princess Royal with two of her grandchildren, the infant Hon. Henry Ulick Lascelles, son of the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Lascelles, and Viscount Lascelles, Lord and Lady Harewood's elder son, who was born in October 1950. On October 5 a second son was born to the Earl and Countess of Harewood. The new baby, thirteenth in line of succession to the Throne, is the Princess Royal's third grandchild.



THE U.S. PILOT WHO WRESTED THE AIR SPEED RECORD FROM BRITAIN: LIEUT.-COMMANDER J. VERDIN, U.S.N.

On October 3 the world air speed record was won back by the United States when a naval interceptor fighter, piloted by Lieut.-Commander James Verdin, flew at an average speed of 753.4 m.p.h. over the southern coast of California.



GIRL JOCKEYS AND A BOY WHO RODE IN THE NEWMARKET TOWN PLATE: (L. TO R.) I. KENNEDY, J. WINBUSH, C. HALEY, J. HALEY, BETTY RICHARDS, THE BOY RIDER T. D. EVANS, P. BURN, A. WAUGH, A. BEECHENER, T. JOEL AND V. ROGERSON.

Miss Betty Richards, daughter of Cliff Richards, won the Newmarket Town Plate for the third successive year on October 8. She rode Mr. J. Thorpe's *Chancellor*, and was the first woman to bring off the hat-trick for the race.



BRITAIN'S MARATHON RUNNER WHO BROKE HIS OWN WORLD RECORD: J. PETERS.

J. Peters, Britain's marathon runner, shattered his own world's best time for the event when he won an international race in 2 hours 18 mins. 34.8 secs. in Turku, south-west Finland, on October 4. This knocked 5.4 secs. off the time he set up in Britain in the race from Windsor to Chiswick, in June.

DISMISSED MINISTERS OF BRITISH GUIANA, AND TROOPS WHOSE PRESENCE ENSURES ORDER IN THE COLONY.

THE development of the crisis in British Guiana is referred to elsewhere. On October 9 the British Government suspended the Colony's Constitution; and the Governor, Sir Alfred Savage, announced that the portfolios of the six elected Ministers had been withdrawn and distributed among the three appointed Ministers; and the House of Assembly and State Council prorogued. Dr. Cheddi Jagan, of the People's Progressive Party, Leader of the House of Assembly, Mr. Sidney King, Mr. R. Westmaas and Mrs. Jagan were named as being in association with international Communist organisations. It was stated on October 11 that units of the Royal Welch Fusiliers had been placed on guard at docks and business premises in Georgetown because Intelligence officers

(Continued below.)

(RIGHT.)
BEFORE EMBARKING IN H.M.S. *IMPLACABLE* FOR BRITISH GUIANA: MEN OF THE 1ST BATTALION, THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS, WHO LEFT DEVONPORT ON OCTOBER 10.



AFTER LANDING AT GEORGETOWN ON OCTOBER 8: MEN OF THE ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS WHO WERE TRANSFERRED FROM JAMAICA IN THE *BIGBURY BAY* AND *BURGHEAD BAY*.



ARMY VEHICLES BOUND FOR BRITISH GUIANA: A VIEW OF THE FLIGHT-DECK OF H.M.S. *IMPLACABLE* BEFORE SHE SAILED FROM DEVONPORT FOR BRITISH GUIANA.



THE SUSPENSION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF BRITISH GUIANA: THE SUSPENDED MINISTERS, DR. J. P. LACHMANSINGH, MR. SIDNEY KING, MR. FORBES BURNHAM, MRS. JANET JAGAN (DEPUTY SPEAKER), DR. CHEDDI JAGAN, MR. J. N. SINGH AND MR. ASHTON CHASE (L. TO R.).

(Continued.)
had learned that an attempt to fire the wooden city might be made. The People's Progressive Party called on all members to strike so that all the Colony's essential services might be paralysed. The Guiana-Trinidad cricket match arranged for Oct. 10 duly took place.



WITH H.E. THE GOVERNOR, SIR ALFRED SAVAGE (CENTRE): DR. JAGAN (R.), LEADER OF THE ASSEMBLY, AND MR. F. BURNHAM, CHAIRMAN OF THE PEOPLE'S PROGRESSIVE PARTY (L.).

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

SOME plays fit so snugly into their theatres that we cannot imagine they could be acted elsewhere. Certainly no one would have chosen the spaces of the Princes Theatre, or the Stoll, for "Birthday Honours," a little piece that clearly belongs to the Criterion. The stage holds it as a band-box its hat. All these mild manoeuvres, this setting-to-partners, these feather-whisk flirtations in and about the West End: they are the very stuff of English light comedy, precisely right for the casket of the Criterion. And the play, to have been further in the tradition, could have been called "Monica": here the wandering wife is own sister of the Belindas and Carolines and Ariadnes, the Mrs. Dots and Penelopes of the artificial-thistledown theatre.

True, I had met this fibbertigibbet piece earlier

a youth, battered and persevering, who reminds me somehow of a lawn-tennis ball being hit very hard on a wet day. If that ball could speak when it thuds upon the soggy turf, it would undoubtedly have the tones of David Stoll. His repeated "Look here, Bestwood!" became the delight of the first audience.

There we have three characters out of six. I was by no means sure of the others. The snobbish, prattling meddler is snatched from stock: the author should be glad of Marian Spencer's technique, though I grew worried about her first-act hat, with its feathers, twin prongs, that looked to me likely to get into somebody's eye or mouth. The wife, Monica, is a puppet (not a poppet). Here, again, everything depends on Moira Lister's tireless vivacity. Discreetly poised is the secretary (Beryl Baxter), who does the

right things at the right times, and who will undeniably find the right ending. (I might say that "See Britain First" advocates could well take exception to the last lines of the piece: travel-snobbery indeed.)

The play has many of the makings of a good artificial comedy without fully coming off. It can pass the evening, but the evening rests, when all is considered, on the little comic decorations, the side-lines. And I have to wish for the hundredth time that an author had not gummed himself to one set and six characters.

(Maugham was lavish in "Penelope.")

I agree that we have had several more wearying goldfish-bowl frolics. Still, I could have done with another set and another gaggle of characters, though in the Criterion's intimacy it was very much less tiresome than it might have been if the people had been turned loose on, shall we say (with a horrified shudder), the broad acres of Her Majesty's.

Meanwhile, the Belgian mime, Marcel Cornelis (at the Arts) has been filling his small stage with people. They are all projections of himself, but who would mind having at one party twenty reproductions of M. Cornelis—this volatile adventurer, with the shining eyes, to whom something awkward will happen at any moment? M. Cornelis is a mime gayest when expressing utter despair. Good at anxious bonhomie



"ALARMS IN A LONELY COTTAGE ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS": "FOUR WINDS" (PHOENIX)—A SCENE FROM ACT I, OF ALEX ATKINSON'S PLAY, SHOWING (L. TO R.) EDWARD FORREST (FRANK LAWTON), JIMMY WHALEN (WILLIAM KENDALL), AND MOLLY GRAHAM (BETTY ANN DAVIES).



"FANTASTIC, NO DOUBT; BUT IT MAKES A USEFUL THEATRICAL OCCASION, WITHIN THE ACCEPTED 'THRILLER' CONVENTIONS": "FOUR WINDS," WHICH HAD ITS FIRST NIGHT AT THE PHOENIX THEATRE ON SEPTEMBER 29 AND WAS DISCUSSED BY OUR CRITIC, MR. J. C. TREWIN, IN OUR ISSUE OF OCTOBER 10. A SCENE FROM ACT III, SHOWING (L. TO R.) MOLLY GRAHAM (BETTY ANN DAVIES), STEVE GRAHAM (RODERICK LOVELL), DEBORAH (PATRICIA CUTTS) AND MORGAN (RAYMOND FRANCIS.)

in the year, at Kew. But, thinking back, I find it now hard to remember. The Criterion is so obviously its home. At the première they played us out to the tune of "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush"—apt enough for the domestic convolutions in a Mayfair alleged to be of the present day, but with an odd period gloss. These people will be dancing their round until the end of time. I cannot believe that the successful specialist and his wife will ever get any further than they have done on these late spring days, or that the ugly-duckling girl and the inarticulate young man will ever leave for their farm. They are the creations of artificial light comedy, fated to spin always on the same circle. And in the efficient secretary and the gushing, overwhelming mother we have more matter for a May morning.

The theme, I suppose, is really that of Maugham's "Penelope" in reverse. There we have philandering husband (a doctor) and apparently complaisant wife. Here we have philandering wife and apparently complaisant husband (a specialist). The author, Paul Jones, is a lively hand at the mock-dramatic and its deflation. A quite the happiest passage is the first, with wife and lover being defiantly tense about it all—one enjoying the chance for a scene, the other wooden and glaring—while the husband, who should be playing up to them, spoils it by his politely detached small-talk. Hugh Latimer, as we have known for a long time, is a master of under-statement—for all his matter-of-fact voice the eye is watchful—and the part could not have been cast more wisely.

Just when one begins to tire of the people and the situation, Jean St. Clair—another survivor from the original "Q" Theatre company—carries the piece on with her sharply intelligent idea of the single-minded young woman (she had been, said her mother, "the most repulsive débutante of her year"), who is resolved, like Shakespeare's Helena, to find a husband. Unlike Helena, she does not really care for one man more than another: she will change her "bright particular star" at a moment's notice. Miss St. Clair has a brand of rueful determination that is just the thing for this part. She yearns and yearns, but she is not content to go on yearning through life. Her final capture is the comedy's other prize part:



"THE PLAY HAS MANY OF THE MAKINGS OF A GOOD ARTIFICIAL COMEDY WITHOUT FULLY COMING OFF. IT CAN PASS THE EVENING, BUT THE EVENING RESTS, WHEN ALL IS CONSIDERED, ON THE LITTLE COMIC DECORATIONS, THE SIDE-LINES": "BIRTHDAY HONOURS" (CRITERION), SHOWING MOIRA LISTER AS MONICA, THE PHILANDERING WIFE, AND HUGH LATIMER AS DR. ALEC BESTWOOD.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"ROMEO AND JULIET" (Guildford).—We look for excitement here, at one of the best of the repertoires; Roger Winton's latest Shakespeare revival had some very sound performances—Geoffrey Taylor, the Mercutio, has a good sense of language—and none that was ineffective. (September 28—October 10.)
 "THE MACROARY WHIRL" (Duchess).—This was meant, no doubt, to be an Irish jig, but goodwill did not make a play. (October 1—October 3.)
 "LUIA MILLER" (Sadler's Wells).—An unexpected Verdi revival. (October 1.)
 "CARTE BLANCHE" (Sadler's Wells).—A refreshing performance of the Walter Gore ballet, quick with invention. (October 2.)
 "MARCEL CORNELIS" (Arts).—This likeable Belgian mime describes his two-hours programme as "The Joys of Living": it is certainly a joyful night. (October 5.)
 "BIRTHDAY HONOURS" (Criterion).—Paul Jones's artificial light comedy may still have more manner than matter; but the author can tap out a line, and his cast—particularly Hugh Latimer—can people the stage. (October 6.)

and at feverish pleasure, he is best when he faces disaster, when as a boxer he is being knocked out, as a golfer is snapping his club, at an Indian restaurant is overcome by the curry, and as a pianist is startled by the horrors he is called on to perform. Watching the actor on these occasions, we felt like crying, in the sad couplet of a funeral elegy from nearly three centuries ago:

Reach me a Handkerchief. Another yet,
 And yet another, for the last is wett.

The Arts is the theatre for M. Cornelis; he, too, does not want a rolling prairie. Rather, the small stage from which (without saying a word) he can tell us gently of his difficulties, man to man. If we have to use opera-glasses while watching M. Cornelis, we cannot feel simultaneously for our "handkerchiefs."

I am afraid that no theatre would have suited "The MacRoary Whirl," which passed from view, at the Duchess, after three nights. It was an Irish scamper, by Gerald McLarnon. To get across in these days, an Irish farce has to be uncommon. We have had the best: we cannot accept substitutes. This, I fear, was an exceptionally tasteless substitute about dipsomaniacs in nightshirts and champion wrestlers unaware of the facts of life. My single snippet of rosemary is for Richard Goolden. Present him with any sort of part, and he will head into it with a wildly comic abandon. His preposterous little London snooper in an Irish kitchen remains with me as the night's sole pleasure. The rest of the comedy might have been written in conference by a herd of elephants.

Elephants: circuses. It has been a week for the circus. M. Cornelis, at the Arts, offers an entire Big Top; and at Sadler's Wells we have some cheerful circus-work as part of the gaieties of "Carte Blanche," Walter Gore's witty free-for-all ballet, a romp that endears. It was partnered by the second act of "Le Lac des Cygnes" (Maryon Lane's Odette) and, sudden change in an evening of sharp light-and-shade, by the ominous Spanish matters of Alfred Rodrigues's "Blood Wedding," danced strongly—especially by Miss Lane, David Poole, and Pirmin Trecu—though one could do, I think, without the Moon and Death.

THE NEW DRURY LANE MUSICAL SUCCESS: "THE KING AND I."



THE PRESENTATION OF THE CROWN PRINCE: THE KING (HERBERT LOM; ON DAIS) PRESENTS PRINCE CHULALONGKORN (TIMOTHY BROOKING) TO ANNA (VALERIE HOBSON).



EAST MEETS WEST: ANNA CURTSIES TO THE KING OF SIAM. KNEELING BEHIND HER IS TUPTIM (DOREEN DUKE) WITH THE KRALAHOME (MARTIN BENSON).



THE LADY THIANG (MURIEL SMITH), THE CHIEF AND FAVOURITE OF THE KING'S WIVES—IN MIXED WESTERN AND EASTERN DRESS.



THE CHIEF DANCER OF "THE KING AND I": SONYA HANA, ELIZA IN "THE SMALL HOUSE OF UNCLE THOMAS."
(The three central photographs, by courtesy of "The Sketch").



THE KING (HERBERT LOM) AND ANNA (VALERIE HOBSON) IN A G.B.S.-LIKE SCENE IN WHICH THE KING LEARNS TO DANCE THE POLKA.



AT "THE ROYAL BANGKOK ACADEMY": ANNA AND HER SON LOUIS (ROY GRANT) DEMONSTRATE THE TRUE SHAPE OF SIAM TO THE ROYAL WIVES AND CHILDREN.



A PRESENT FROM BURMA: TUPTIM (DOREEN DUKE) IS DELIVERED TO THE KING. BY THE PILLAR STANDS HER SECRET LOVER, LUN THA (JAN MUZURUS).

The new musical play, "The King and I," with music by Richard Rodgers and book by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, based on the novel "Anna and the King of Siam," by Margaret Landon, was presented at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on October 8 and received a tremendous welcome. The principal parts were played by Valerie Hobson, in her first appearance as a star on the musical stage, and Herbert Lom, with Muriel Smith as the Lady Thiang, the King's Chief Wife.

The romantic lovers, Tuptim and Lun Tha, were played by Doreen Duke and Jan Muzurus. An especial feature of the second act is the long ballet, "The Small House of Uncle Thomas," with choreography by Jerome Robbins, in which the principal part, that of Eliza, is danced by Sonya Hana. The décor is by Jo Mielziner and the production by John Van Druten. There are about twenty children in the cast, and their part in the play is contrived with great skill and charm.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

THE THIRD REICH MAN.

By PETER FORSTER.

THE first thing to be said about Sir Carol Reed's new film, "The Man Between" (Carlton), is surely that it is the best of its kind since Sir Carol Reed's last film but one, "The Third Man." What is that kind? It has been defined as the psychological thriller, but it depends also on atmosphere and a cosmopolitan setting: Polonius-fashion, one might describe the *genre* as "psychological - atmospherical - international."

Not that Sir Carol's capabilities are limited to this single vein; over the years he has turned his hand to many types of film, but here seems to lie his true bent. He is not a man with a message nor is he primarily an ironist, at least in the sense in which some of the best French film directors are ironists. Rather his skill consists in creating and sustaining an atmosphere. And again, it is not simply the translation of atmosphere from a book—though in "The Outcast of the Islands" he managed to convey the heat-laden, doom-laden air of Conrad's tropics. But as a rule Sir Carol's achievements are not derivative, and his atmospherics could only be conceived and contrived in the medium for which he works; his eye is cinematic as the Ancient Mariner's was glittering, and with the same power to hold attention. He is one of the few whose work raises the film to the status of an art.

Another point suggests itself. I have not the pleasure of Sir Carol's acquaintance, but by all accounts he is the most English of the film directors in this country (many of whom, of course, are not

Berlin"—a work of art can only rise as high as its subject-material will allow, as Horace established long ago. But "The Man Between" seems to me to have fewer distracting tricks of technique, whilst I have always thought that the earlier film's famous villain, Harry Lime, was quite delightful (as played



"THE BEST OF ITS KIND SINCE SIR CAROL REED'S LAST FILM BUT ONE, 'THE THIRD MAN'": "THE MAN BETWEEN" (LONDON FILMS), SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH IVO (JAMES MASON) ENGAGES THE EAST BERLIN POLICE WHILE THE LAUNDRY VAN IN WHICH SUSANNE (CLAIRE BLOOM) IS HIDDEN DRIVES SAFELY THROUGH TO THE WEST. HORST (DIETER KRAUSE), THE BOY CYCLIST, WATCHES THE STRUGGLE ANXIOUSLY. MUCH OF THE MUSIC IN THIS FILM IS PLAYED ON A SAXOPHONE.

by Orson Welles) but distinctly bogus. (Incidentally, John Addison's music here, much of it played on a saxophone, is almost as effective as the zither there.) And over and above all, "The Man Between" has a more honest, if more controversial subject; it takes a deeper theme than Harry Lime's.

Let me be more precise. The plot concerns an English girl, Susanne (Claire Bloom) on a visit to her brother, Martin (Geoffrey Toone), who is an Army doctor in Berlin, and his German wife, Bettina (Hildegard Neff). Martin is kept desperately busy coping with refugees, and Susanne notices that in his absence Bettina is distraught and much beset by secret messages and 'phone calls. She soon links this unease with a charming and mysterious German from the Russian Zone, one Ivo Kern (James Mason), supposedly an old friend of Bettina's. Her first suspicions are proved false when Bettina finally explains that he is working for gangsters in the East who wish to kidnap a certain West Berliner named Kastner, a friend of Martin's; Kern has a blackmailing hold over Bettina, and hopes to win her connivance.

When she refuses, his Eastern colleagues plan to kidnap Bettina, but Susanne is taken by mistake. In order to help himself find asylum in the West, Kern now assists Susanne to escape, and there follows a long chase as they try to get from one half of the city into the other, at the end of which Kern is shot while Susanne crosses the border.

Now, that much of the story is the thriller, and a wonderfully exciting and accomplished thriller, too. Mr. Harry Kurnitz's screen-play has been criticised in some quarters; it is, in my view, entirely adequate, and as good a story as Eric Ambler never wrote. The one real shortcoming is the way in which Bettina, effectively played by the husky-voiced Miss Neff, virtually drops out half-way through.

And the story is enhanced by a hundred masterly touches of direction. How quickly and firmly Sir Carol establishes his atmosphere of suspense and intrigue! Who, for example, is the pallid little boy on the bicycle, for ever circling in the empty street like a hovering sparrow-hawk? And how cleverly we are led up to the appearance of Ivo Kern, trilby-hatted and fur-collared in a way that will doubtless be reflected on the streets this winter! And what a good stroke of irony to have Susanne acting as a decoy for Kastner outside the Opera House, whilst inside Ljuba Welitsch's Salome is singing over John

the Baptist's head! Or the comic moment (virtually the only one) when Kern and Susanne, on the run, persuade the mechanic at a generator to explain his apparatus in order that they may then douse the lights, which the man does with typical German pride in machinery. And best of all, there is the scene in which the snow-laden car, like a monster with two eyes cleared on the windscreen, advances slowly on Susanne in the deserted street; a scene without music, and in which the car is as much a player as the girl.

The deeper theme lies in the one long scene which, from the point of view of the thriller, is irrelevant; that is, when Kern and Susanne, by now in love, take shelter overnight in a street-walker's flat, and he talks of his share in Germany's past crimes. He explains that he studied to be a lawyer, but grew up into a régime without law, to which he submitted. Here I take Mr. Kurnitz to be attacking the root of the matter, which is the German mentality. It is the key to the film, for this scene is designed to show why Berlin should now be divided and in ruins. Cleverly, Mr. Kurnitz does not allow Kern to make excuses for himself, though he is not above making an excuse for him. At least, a pretty plain wink is surely tipped when Susanne, having heard Kern talk of his part in wartime atrocities, murmurs: "But you were ordered!"

Well, it is the mootest of points. My knowledge of Germans derives from eighteen months in Egypt after the war, when I had charge of some 300 prisoners. Amongst them were many obvious Ivo Kerns, and my own view is that this particular leopard would not change its spots, let alone be ashamed of them. This is not the place for a political article, and, of course, it was not Sir Carol's intention to make a political film, but it would be disingenuous on my part to deny that this consideration of a side of the German character through Ivo Kern is what gives the film its substance, just as it stands greatly to Sir Carol's credit that he had the honesty to face up to the issue. As it is, let us say that he walks the tight-rope between conflicting attitudes with remarkable elegance and aplomb.

In this both he and Mr. Kurnitz are mightily assisted by Mr. Mason, who gives a most subtle and (especially in view of the way films are made, now taking one section of the plot, now another) a brilliantly graded performance. The distinguished German actors, Aribert Waescher and Ernst Schroeder, also contribute excellent character-studies. "Last, loveliest, exquisite, apart," is Miss Claire Bloom, who has been much assailed for not doing a number of things her director clearly never intended her to do. The rôle of Susanne conforms to the old canon of dramatic construction whereby the odd is thrown into



"THE STORY IS ENHANCED BY A HUNDRED MASTERLY TOUCHES OF DIRECTION": "THE MAN BETWEEN," A SCENE IN WHICH SUSANNE (CLAIRE BLOOM) AND HORST (DIETER KRAUSE), WHO ARE HIDING FROM THE POLICE ON THE ROOF OF A BUILDING IN THE EASTERN SECTOR OF BERLIN, RETREAT INTO THE SHADOWS ON HEARING FOOTSTEPS AND THEY ARE RELIEVED WHEN IVO (JAMES MASON) APPEARS.

English at all), and perhaps this explains why his best films have had a foreign setting—Vienna for "The Third Man," Berlin for "The Man Between." May not their success be due in some measure to the reaction of an Englishman coming from our own relatively settled and normal land and faced with the (to him) strange and abnormal life in these sad, and shattered cities? One can, to be sure, turn the proposition upside down: the outsider must find our own habits equally odd, but the point is valid both ways, and it is implicit in the exchange in "The Man Between," when a German girl tells her English sister-in-law: "There is not much difference in our ages, but there is a hundred years between the ways we have lived." Foreign film directors may show the state of affairs in Berlin and Vienna to be comic or dramatic or pathetic, but to them it must seem unexceptional in a way that it can never be to us. And to Sir Carol's English eyes it is clearly all fantastic and new; he finds it enormously stimulating, and it is the fresh-minted quality of his impressions that he passes on to his audience so superlatively well.

For myself, I think "The Man Between" a better film even than "The Third Man." True, Miss Dilys Powell scored a palpable hit in contrasting "the baroque, decaying elegance which Reed discovered in Austria, with the cautionary carcass he has seen in



"A MORE HONEST, IF MORE CONTROVERSIAL SUBJECT" THAN "THE THIRD MAN": "THE MAN BETWEEN," SHOWING HALENDAR (ARIBERT WAESCHER), WHO, DISCOVERING THAT HE HAS KIDNAPPED THE WRONG WOMAN, AGREES TO RELEASE SUSANNE (CLAIRE BLOOM) ON CONDITION THAT SHE WRITES A NOTE TO LURE KASTNER, A GERMAN WANTED BY THE EASTERN AUTHORITIES, INTO THE EASTERN SECTOR.

relief through contrast with the ordinary; she might almost be the symbol of Sir Carol's own reaction to the Berlin scene, and Miss Bloom, with her appeal and her poise and her knack of investing everything she does with a touch of her own individuality, carries out his requirements quite delightfully.



THE PLYMOUTH COMMAND COLOUR LAID UP IN LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE AFTER THE CEREMONY, WHEN ADMIRAL SIR MAURICE MANSERGH TOOK THE SALUTE FROM THE CATHEDRAL STEPS.

The old Queen's Colour of the Plymouth Command has been laid up in Liverpool Cathedral in recognition of the close association of the city with the forces engaged in the Battle of the Atlantic in World War II. The ceremony took place on Sunday, October 11, the old Colour being received by the Dean of Liverpool from a Colour Guard of the Royal Naval Barracks at Devonport. Later Admiral

Sir Maurice J. Mansergh, the Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth, took the salute from the steps of the Cathedral during a march-past by sailors from H.M.S. *Drake*. The old Queen's Colour was replaced in March of this year, when her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, on behalf of H.M. the Queen, presented new Colours to the Command at a ceremony at Devonport.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

SEARCHING for the *mot juste* for a distinctive literary flavour is, though agreeable, a waste of time. Probably, to begin with, there is no such word—no luminous portmanteau adjective, which would convey the whole impression in a nutshell. Why should there be one, after all? Even if we appear, triumphantly, to run it down—that, too, is a mirage. Although the “word” may be transparency itself when one has read the book, it will say very little to outsiders. In spite of which, this week I have been trying again. I should have liked one word for “*Daughter of the House*,” by Edith de Born (Chapman and Hall; 12s. 6d.)—something to match its vigour and reserve, its strong, elusive character. “Grave” is the one that really sticks. Grave, severe, lucid—they would all apply, but then how little they disclose. No, there are no short cuts; no taste can really be enjoyed at second hand.

The tale opens in 1930, in a Flemish seaport. The shipping firms of Havermann and Stirmer have just merged, and Freddy Stirmer is engaged to Francine, Havermann's orphan niece. Then it will be a family concern. Freddy and Francine are old playmates, but he is not in love with her; while Havermann, deaf, sixty and aloof, rejoices inwardly to see her go. Not that he took the slightest notice of her as a child. All he has ever cared about is art; he collects modern paintings, and gives his fellow-creatures a wide berth. Francine, besides, is not his type; to her despair, she is plump, opulent and “Rubens,” like a sucking-pig. In fact, the very moral of a dumb blonde, constantly harping on her figure, Freddy gets bored to tears, but poor fat Francine is entirely right. Because she weighs too much nobody loves her.

Only it is not just the weight. Her beauties are traditional at the wrong time, when the old fabric is collapsing. Freddy had not meant to revolt, he meant to be his father's son; but the revolt was in him. Now it bursts forth, as a consuming passion for a stranger; and just because the conflict is so dire, he would go any lengths. Meanwhile, old Havermann, who left his niece out in the cold, is utterly absorbed in a strange brat, the bastard of his housekeeper and an Italian crook. For the first time he is in love, and from the first this love is a protective agony. For Aloysia has nobody but him. While she is small he wages deadly battle with her mother, who has the legal power. Then comes the occupation, and they are marooned—two people on a raft, in an uncharted sea, with the neglected Francine's ghost. Francine at last is somebody, beyond the grave. Her anguish may recoil on the intruder; for when peace returns, Havermann's end is close and Aloysia is haunted.

This story is not long, but every part is luminous and full of matter. It is deep yet clear; concrete, and yet poetic in the bone; intensely felt, and, as I said, of the most striking gravity, without a touch of gloom—except what Landor calls that of deep water. And it is also wonderfully set; the Flemish past seems to be visible within the tale.

OTHER FICTION.

And now from grave to gay . . . “*The Honey Siege*,” by Gil Buhet (Cape; 12s. 6d.), is honey all the time; no one could readily object to it on other grounds. The scene is a small village in the Roussillon, in which the schoolmaster keeps bees. He has a little boy as well, in the top class; but being a sad and stickish widower, although he loves his son he gets more pleasure from the bees. One autumn night one of his hives is looted, and appearances suggest a boy. Furious for his little friends, beguiled by circumstantial evidence, and soundly stung into the bargain, he charges the top class, and gives the culprit two days to declare himself. If there is no response, they will lose next week's holiday. The boys, however, are all guiltless; and fired by Pierrot, their accustomed chief, they take a blood-oath to resist. But there is still the question how. Parents, of course, would break a strike; so they decide to run away, over the mountains into Spain. Pierrot secures a guide—and then sniffs treachery at the eleventh hour. But even then he is not stumped. The village has an ancient keep, with an unusable old drawbridge. One of the rebels is a blacksmith's son. Riquet is set to work; the drawbridge rises, the portcullis falls; and the small garrison of heroes can defy the world.

The joke is that they really can. There is no way to get them out, unless by dynamite, which is not safe, or the erection of a scaffold, which would take six weeks, or an appeal to Perpignan, which would be ignominy.

It is a charming tale, full of variety and humour. The parents are good fun; the boys are irresistible—although a shade too sweet, and singularly unprecocious.

“*The Other Place*,” by J. B. Priestley (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), is a collection of short stories, woven round time and the occult, and with a strong taint of the lecture-room. These glimpses of the zombiedom of life, green supermen who come out of the future in containers, visions of London-yet-to-be, dotted with outside statues of supernal charm—they are too creakingly made up; mainly, they are unhappy vehicles for an expected moral. Even in truly expert hands, the future tends to be a bore, and the ideal world is nearly always a let-down. Here we have Mr. Priestley's version of it; but if the “*Other Place*” were as described, I should think female zombies would be *de rigueur*. Of course, he writes well all the same; and he has one good, comic haunting, luckily without a “text.”

“*No Mourning for the Matador*,” by Delano Ames (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), features our old friends Dagobert and Jane, this time in Barcelona. The first scene is a bullfight, in which the Irish matador, El Inglés, meets a hero's death. This fight is so hilariously comic—I could almost add, the best I ever met in fiction—that one can't think how it is going to simmer down into a murder plot. However, it is managed and to spare, with a whole raft of suspects—Spaniards, Americans, and the whole family of El Inglés, who have just come upon the scene, and do a lot for the abundant gaiety. The characters are hyperbolic but good; the local colour is hyperbolic to a degree, yet really good at the same time. As for the story it is far better than it need have been. Jane could be read with glee in any circumstances.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

SINCE I mentioned my library of chess books in these Notes in 1949, further additions have flowed into it at a rate which has been the delight of chess-playing visitors but the despair of my wife, who has an old-fashioned idea that a house should be habitable.

Tournament books are the most numerous type. Nowadays at almost every match or tournament of note, some scribe laboriously takes down and publishes the scores of every game played: maybe this is all the work he does; maybe he garnishes the game-scores with explanations and diagrams; he may add pictures of the players and the locality and a resumé of the previous course of chess in that place; if he is the methodical type, he may end up with several indices and a survey of the innovations in opening play seen during the event. Anyway, a new book is born; two, three, six or ten new books if the tournament is important enough. The 1948 tournament in which Botvinnik, Reshevsky, Smyslov, Keres and Euwe battled out fifty games for the World Championship, produced thirteen books, in seven different languages, within a year; and a few months ago, along came a fourteenth, in which Keres had summarised and edited all that had been said about the play heretofore.

All very hard on your powers of absorption, and on your pocket.

Tired of digging through books in piles of four or five at a time whenever I wanted a reference, I devoted several days last week to sorting and listing. The resulting statistics are rather striking.

From 1939 to 1945, about sixty chess tournament books appeared, more than half of them—reflecting the neutrality of Spain and the concentration of many renowned European players in the Argentine—in Spanish.

Since the war ended, a new tournament book has appeared on an average once a week. Of these, 49 were in English, 29 in German, 27 in Russian, 19 in Spanish, 18 in Dutch, 16 in Serbo-Croat, 13 in Hungarian, 6 in Czech. . . . 2 each in Portuguese and Finnish and 1 each in Estonian, Icelandic and Turkish.

Well, it's nice to know. And to be able to find the book I want without laborious searching—for a few weeks until the old books disappear beneath a spate of new ones again.

Of games, each tournament contains an average of perhaps eighty: one book contains 1118. Consequently, this one group of books contains about 24,000. If I played through the games and notes at top speed, I might get through half-a-dozen in an hour; so that to get through this lot would take me all my waking time for thirty-seven weeks. After that I might go on to the tournament books of the preceding ninety years, and then to other games collections, of which I have dozens and dozens. By then, I might be getting tired of chess games—but I know some people who wouldn't!

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WOOLLY RHINOCEROS?

SOMEWHERE among a magpie collection of papers which are the despair of the feminine part of my household I have a copy of “*Amateur Wireless*” of the summer of 1922, which has a leading article headed “Broadcasting—a Rumour.” If I remember rightly, the article began something as follows: “It is rumoured that a company to be called the British Broadcasting Company is shortly to be formed, which will give regular daily transmissions from headquarters in London.” To one who made his first wireless set long before broadcasting—in the days of “Two Emma Toc-Wriddle Station calling”—it is almost incredible how this means of communication has grown during my adult lifetime. The days of the crystal-set and the cat's whisker, and the days of bright emitter valves bought out of World War I. Army receiving sets and capable of giving your wireless a range of

fully 25 miles—the days of 2LO and that great (as we thought it) transmitting station 5XX, which set the whole country arguing as to the correct pronunciation of Daventry, now seems as remote as the Garden of Eden before the Fall, or civilisation before the cathode tube. I am reminded of these far-off days by the somewhat frightening book by Lord Simon of Wythenshawe (until last year Chairman of the B.B.C.), called “*The B.B.C. from Within*” (Gollancz; 16s.). It is not a little alarming to see what a vast amorphous body has grown out of the happy band of pioneering enthusiasts who staffed Savoy Hill. Lord Simon gives a clear and factual account of the B.B.C., its constitution and internal structure, for which we must indeed be grateful. I am afraid, however, that I part company from him when he proceeds to draw from his experiences as Chairman the conclusion that the B.B.C. monopoly must be maintained in all its full, flabby rigour. In the current controversy on the subject of competitive television nothing has surprised me more than the way in which those who should be the most ardent guardians of freedom and private enterprise in the pulpit and in the printing-houses have been most forward in telling us that, although we can be entrusted to decide the destinies of the world by our suffrages, or the fortunes of theatre owners or newspaper proprietors by our choice of entertainment, we are not sufficiently adult to be allowed near such a dangerous instrument as a television switch. Lord Simon finds this dichotomy less confusing than I do, having for many years combined his Socialist principles with the chairmanship of one of the most distinguished and most admirably run group of companies in the whole field of private enterprise. However, everybody is entitled to their opinion on this vexed question, and it would be ungracious and ungrateful not to pay a tribute to the excellence of this book, and (if one may do so a little after the event) to congratulate Lord Simon on the courage and impartiality with which he administered the affairs of the Corporation during his term of office.

To compare the B.B.C. with the woolly rhinoceros is perhaps a little unfair, though that fabulous beast was, like the B.B.C., far too large, strongly armed for defence and offence, while its outlines were blurred by the hirsute covering which gave it its name. I have always had an affection for this creature, an affection which is increased by “*Art in the Ice Age*,” by Johannes Maringer and Hans-Georg Bandi (Allen and Unwin; 45s.). This fascinating book is, as the authors say, a pious monument erected to the memory of that greatest of experts on prehistoric art, Professor Hugo Obermaier. Much of the book consists of material which Obermaier had assembled and brought to the verge of publication at the time of his death in 1946. Since then, however, there have been some notable discoveries, principally in Eastern Spain and Southern France, which are rightly included to bring the story up to date. It is actually a comparatively few years since the world became aware of the vigorous and beautiful artistic efforts of our remote ice-age ancestors. To an astonished world the rock carvings and paintings of the great caves to be found in the Spanish mountains not only threw an entirely new light on the habits and customs of the men of the Ice Age, but revealed these “primitive” beings as possessing an art as flourishing, fresh and lively as of any of the ages which have succeeded. While occasionally, as in the case of the “headless bear,” which is among the many excellent illustrations, one may feel that the prehistorians had let their enthusiasm get the better of them—it looks like a shapeless lump of rock to me, and to call it a “sculpture in clay” is perhaps pushing things a little far—generally speaking the clarity of the drawings and paintings is one of their most astonishing features. Their beauty, too, is beyond question. Witness, for example, the polychrome painting of a reindeer from the Font-de-Gaume, in the Dordogne.

Professor Obermaier is indeed fortunate in the monument which his disciples have erected. This is a book to cherish—and ponder over.

It must be a thankless task producing works of reference—an attempt to run up a downward moving staircase of ever-changing records of birth, deaths and marriages, of titles and honours conferred, of appointments and promotions made. This Coronation year must have meant a particularly horrible nightmare for the devoted gentry who edit such publications. I see that Mr. L. G. Pine, the editor of “*Burke's Peerage*,” has brought that handsome work of reference right up to date by issuing—for the modest price of 5s.—a supplement. Mr. Pine is to be congratulated on his enterprise, which will be welcomed with relief by harassed librarians and by harried private secretaries, trying to ensure that their bosses don't tread on Sir Somebody Snodgrass's notoriously tender corns by omitting that promotion he so rightly received in the Coronation Honours!

I cannot remember having read Mr. William Holt's first volume of autobiography, “*I Haven't Unpacked*,” but I make no doubt that it was as readable and agreeable as his second instalment, “*I Still Haven't Unpacked*” (Harrap; 12s. 6d.), which is mainly about London in the blitz, and brings back those days of horror, comradeship and oddity with vivid accuracy. There are no chips on the shoulder of this “son of the people,” and let us hope that his boxes will remain unpacked for many instalments to come.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

River incident[★]

ROLEX OWNERS can be found in all parts of the world, and Rolex watches are often subjected to test in some exotic places. A letter from a customer once took us, for instance, to Sukkur, in Pakistan, where the mile-long Barrage spans the River Indus. This particular customer was standing on the Barrage when he had the misfortune to drop his watch over the parapet.

It fell twenty-seven feet, and disappeared with a twinkle into twenty-three feet of water.

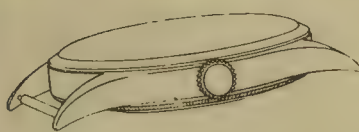
The Barrage divers volunteered to search; it took them two hours of rooting about in thick mud before they brought to the surface the little mud-encrusted object that was the missing Oyster.

Was it damaged? No. Stopped? No. Washed and dried, that Rolex was found to be completely intact and still going.

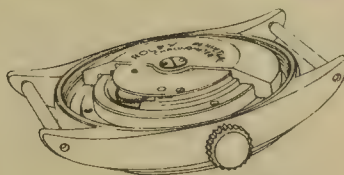
That was just one Rolex. But it demonstrates the incredibly fine workmanship of the men who made those pin-head parts and set them in place. And it demonstrates, too, the extraordinary efficiency of the Rolex Oyster case—the case that was designed and developed by Rolex, the first, and still the foremost, waterproof case in the world.

And even if you'll never go to Sukkur, to stand on the Indus Barrage, even if you and your watch lead the quietest of quiet lives, don't think that your watch needs no protection. There are so many enemies—dust and dirt, water, perspiration—and they must be guarded against. But you need have no worry if your watch is of the same fine family as this old Indian campaigner, the Rolex that fell from the Indus Barrage.

★ This is a true story, taken from a letter written by the customer in question (Mr. H. W. Oddin-Taylor of London, W.1) to the Rolex Watch Company Limited. A photostat of the original letter may be inspected at the offices of The Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.



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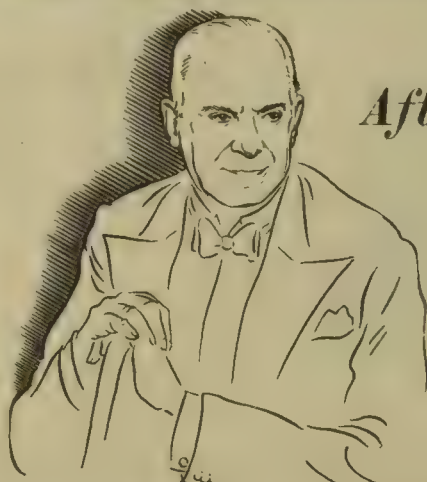
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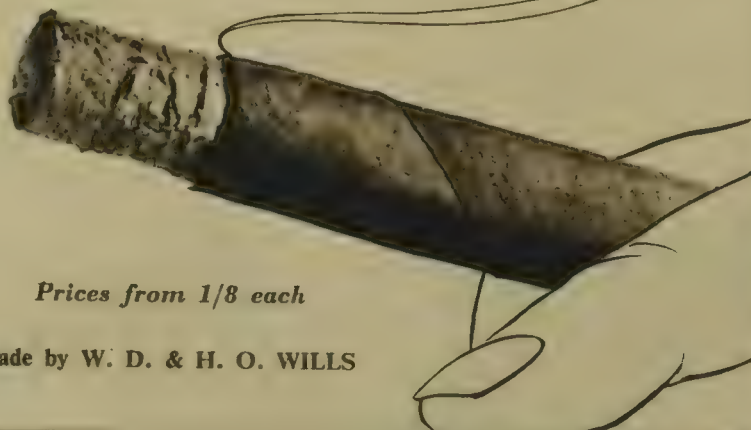


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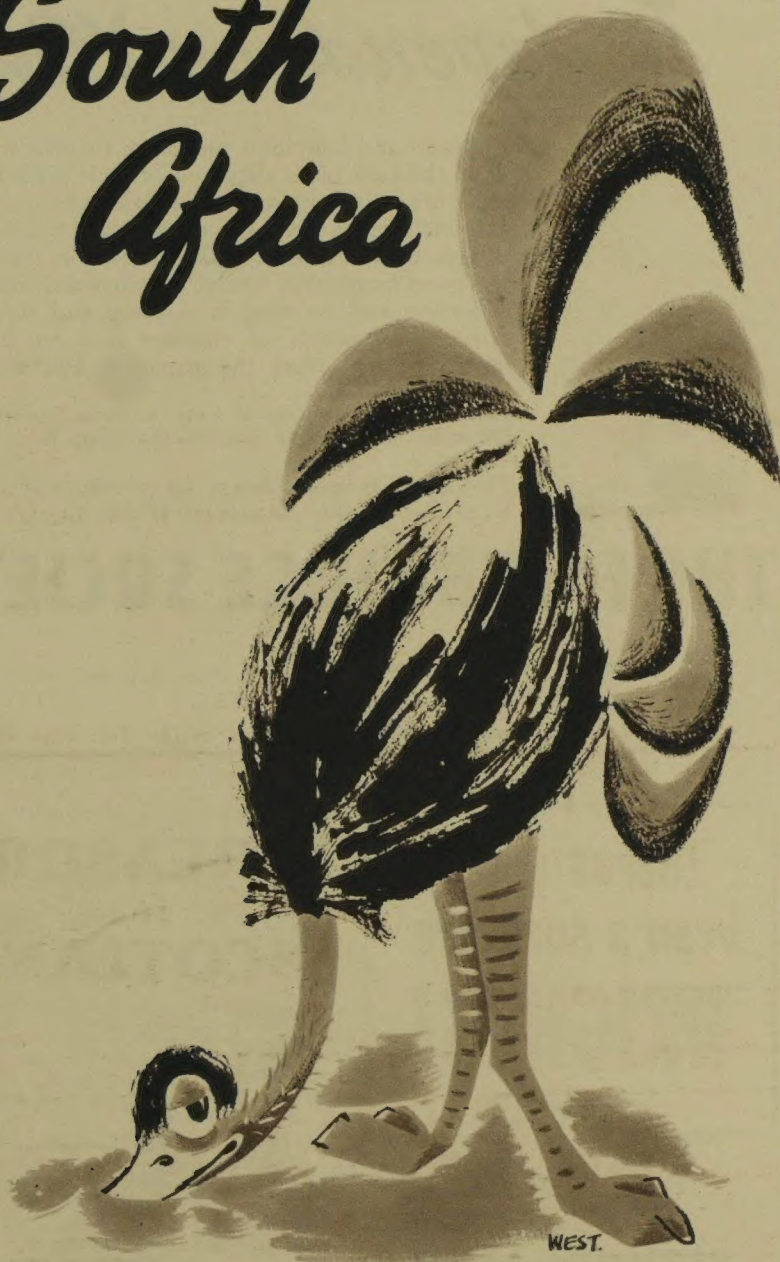


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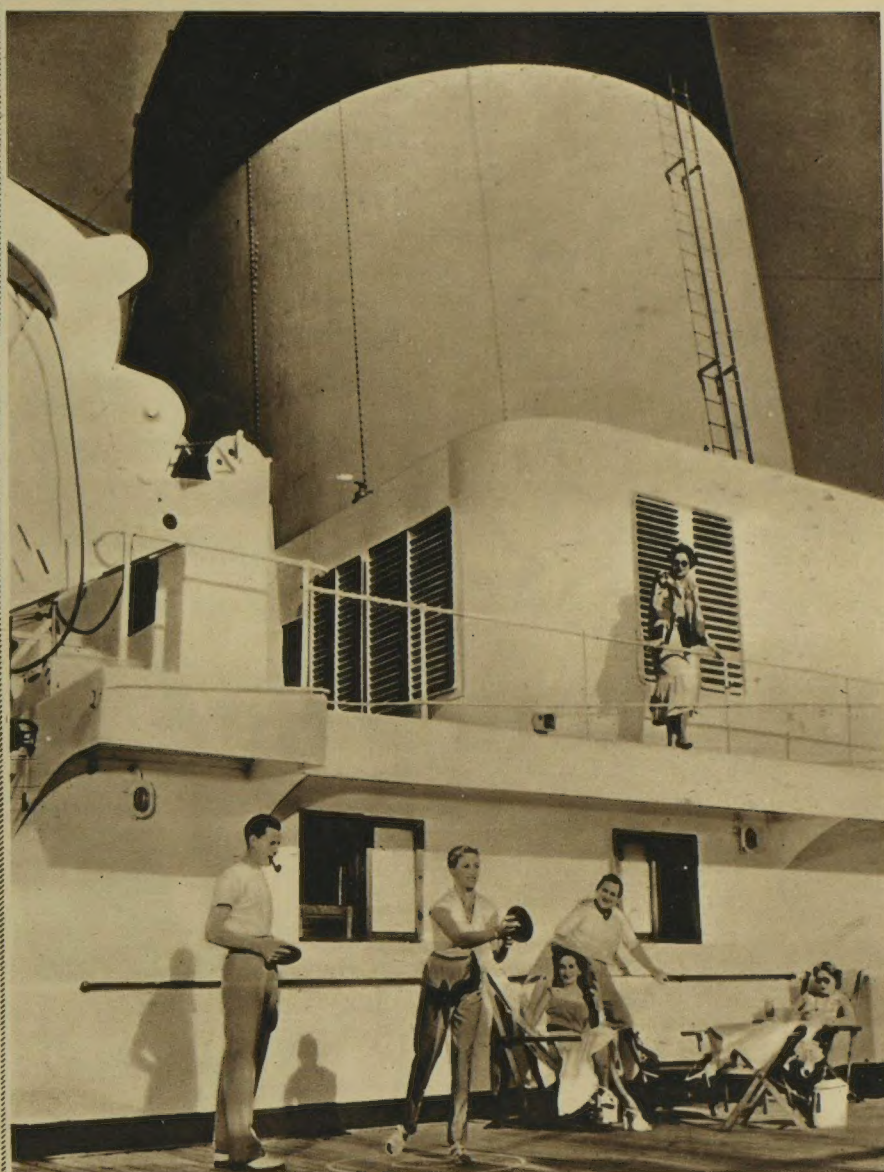



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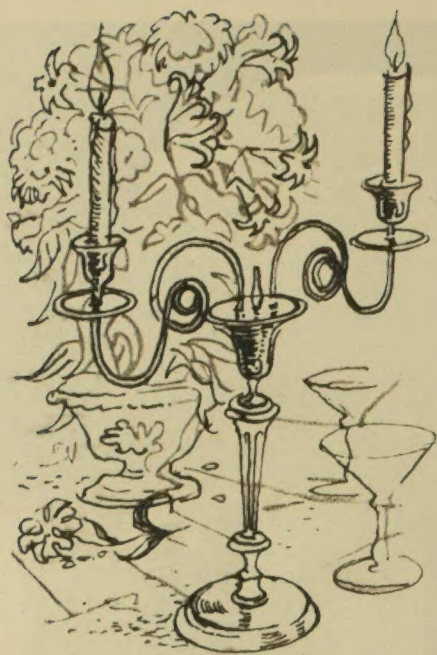
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